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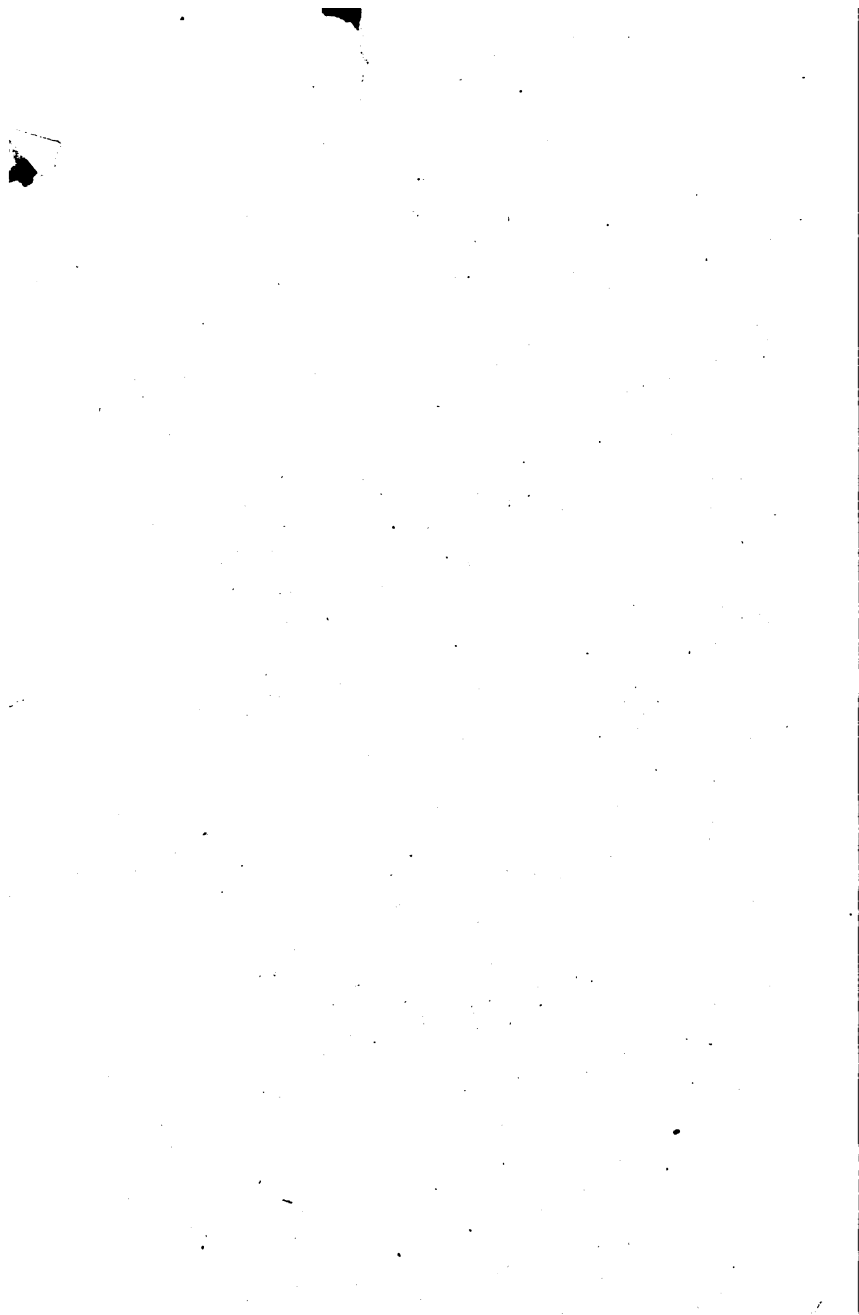
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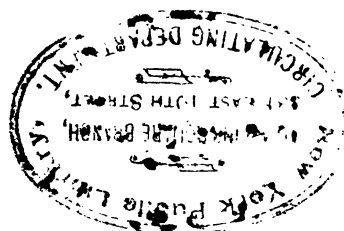


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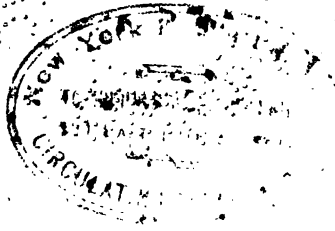
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In the Golden East

An Illustrated Journey in
Eastern Wonderlands

A Geographical Reader

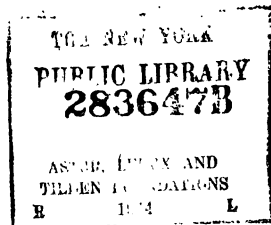
By
Charlotte Chaffee Gibson



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DEDICATED
TO
ALICE AND FRED AND CHARLOTTE
IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF THEIR DEAR COMPANIONSHIP
AND TO
M. L. T.
WHOSE ENCOURAGEMENT HAS BEEN MY CHIEF
INSPIRATION

JUN 28 1944

CENTRAL RESERVE



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In Eastern Wonderlands

CHAPTER I

THE START FROM HOME

IT was the most wonderful thing you can imagine to happen to children; so wonderful that, at first, it seemed hardly possible that it could be true, and when they waked the next morning, they wondered if it had not been only a fairy tale or a dream. But at breakfast their father said again that we would sail first to Japan, and then, perhaps, around the whole world, and would be gone a year, which seemed a lifetime to the children.

There were three of them, Alice, Fred, and Charlotte, and when their father asked them if they would like to go, it did not take them long to decide. Just the idea of

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no school was attractive, and added to that, much travel, in far-away lands, seemed better than the best of fairy tales, of which they were very fond. For these, you know, you can only read before an open fire, till some one calls you to bed; then you realize that you are only *you* after all, and at home just as you always have been.

To go first to Japan meant a long trip across this continent, and then a longer sea voyage. There were busy days of preparation and leave-taking, and even a few tears squeezed by the "Grown-Ups" at the final good-byes. But why on earth should any one cry, the children wondered, when they were only going off on a grand long picnic, with Mamma and Papa along!

They thought it hard, to be sure, to leave Ajax and Fluff, the two Angora cats, and wondered what Dinah and Fritz and Anita would do without the family to

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care for them, and take them out to walk ; for Dinah and Fritz and Anita were very affectionate little dogs, and very much inclined to be over-fat. Still, there was nothing to trouble one for very long, and when the train finally pulled out of the station, it was the most exciting thing in the world.

On our way across the continent, we stopped at Buffalo, Chicago, Denver, and Salt Lake City, and the children agreed that Salt Lake City was by far the nicest of them all; for the first thing we did there was to drive out to Great Salt Lake for a bath, and a queer bath it proved to be.

The bath-houses were built out over the lake in a large pavilion, and flights of steps led down into the water. There was no reason for any of us to be timid, for the water was so full of salt that we could not sink, and if we tried to swim, our feet

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would come right out of the water. All that we could do was to lie down on the top of it and float, and after a while we were so covered with cakes of white salt that we looked like clowns in a circus. Fred, especially, enjoyed that, and would dive down in the water, coming up unexpectedly under our noses, and doing all sorts of clownish tricks.

On the train the children spent their time playing games, just as you would at home, only they could not romp very much because the car might lurch and make them fall.

Then, when they were tired of play, it was such fun just to look out of the window and see the trees flying by; or perhaps it might be just a vast plain with an occasional house near the track, or a cowboy, off in the distance, galloping at full speed, rounding up his herd.

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But some days seemed longer than others, and there was nothing to do that satisfied one, save to lean out of the window and try to see the engine in front, or look ahead to the approaching town.

Have you ever known such days, when you would no sooner get comfortably settled, leaning out, for instance, where you got a fine breeze, before one of the "Grown-Ups" would come along and make you put your head in — and everything else that you did seemed equally wrong?

In crossing the Sacramento River, just before reaching San Francisco, our train was run on a ferry-boat, and a good deal of shifting had to be done to get all the cars on. Fred would keep leaning out, for it was very interesting to see on which track the different cars were going, and he kept forgetting his father's warning that he might get his head struck if he did not

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keep it in, till finally a car came very quickly along-side of us, and actually grazed his nose. It was a very white face that came suddenly in that window,—white, save for the pinkness of the grazed nose, and after that, Fred seemed content to keep his head inside.

We reached San Francisco in time for a few days' rest before sailing, and part of the days we spent out at the Cliff House, which is built on a high bluff overlooking the Pacific Ocean. Just in front of it, some little distance from the shore, are large rocks, rising out of the sea, called "Seal Rocks," where hundreds of seal sun themselves for hours at a time, or play tag with each other, in and out of the water, and up and down over the rocks, untiringly. We used to watch them till the sun sank in the west and went to see our little Japanese cousins, who live directly across that

The Start from Home 7

vast stretch of blue ocean, and whom we, too, were going to see.

The day of sailing finally came, and after a hurried lunch, for which the children had no appetite, though the "Grown-Ups" insisted that they should eat, we got on board the Pacific Mail ship "China," which was to be our home for eighteen days.

But the ship! It was the first one the children had ever been on, and vastly larger than you would imagine a ship could be. First, we climbed up the gang plank on to the deck, then down on the inside of the ship, through narrow passages, till we came to a room with a little round window and two beds, one above the other, where we were told we were to sleep. It was a dear, tiny little room, but Charlotte said it seemed like sleeping on the shelf of the closet at home.

After we had loaded all the luggage and

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freight that we were going to carry with us, the anchor was raised, and we began to move away from the shore, which was a flutter of white handkerchiefs, from friends who had come down to say good-bye to us and the many sailing with us, and who were soon but specks in the distance.

The strait connecting San Francisco Bay with the Pacific Ocean is called the "Golden Gate," and about sunset we sailed through it into the broad expanse of ocean, and the water and clouds reflected the golden radiance, making it seem as if a golden gate had truly been thrown open for us to pass through. Soon after, it began to be rough, notwithstanding that we were on the Pacific, or *Peaceful* Ocean. Peaceful! Every one went to bed and stayed there for two or three days, and oh! the misery of it!

But when the sea calmed down and the

The Start from Home 9

children began to make friends with the other children on board, the two days' misery was soon forgotten ; for, you see, on ship-board you can play bean-bag, or hide and seek, or shuffle-board, all day long on deck ; and when you are tired of that you can curl up in a steamer chair with your boon companion, and tell stories ; and if it is after dinner, as like as not you will go fast asleep, and the first you know some one has carried you down and put you to bed in your funny little closet-shelf bunk.

All the "hands" on the ship were Chinamen, — Chinamen for sailors, Chinamen to wait on the table, and Chinamen to take care of the rooms and make up the beds. If we wanted one, we called "Boy !" and he came running very quickly.

When we first started they always wore long blue linen shirts which came nearly to their ankles, but as we went further south

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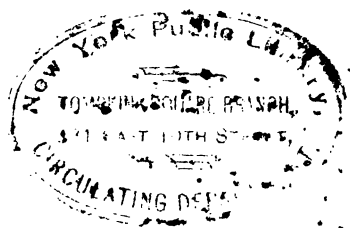
and it grew warmer, they changed to white, and all the ship's officers wore white uniforms.

The captain's right-hand man was Andoo, the boatswain, and there was nothing he would not do for the children he liked. Many a bean-bag he made and filled, when a careless aim or too great strength had sent theirs overboard; and he was as happy and pleased as the children when, the last day on board, they had their pictures taken together.

The night before landing in Honolulu, the "Grown Ups" had a fancy-dress ball on deck and went to dinner in costume. The children were allowed to dress up, too, and look on, and what do you suppose happened? We had a real prince on board who was going to Japan, just as we were. He was not at all as you would suppose a prince to be, for he used to play shuffle-



THE HARBOR OF HONOLULU. See page 11.



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board and bean-bag on deck with the children, and that night he made at least one little girl very happy, for he danced with Charlotte.

Think of dancing with a real, live prince! I saw her look down at her slippers once or twice, and I am sure it was to see if they were glass, like Cinderella's, for her dress, she thought, was quite as fine as Cinderella's. But she never knew whether or not, like hers, it would have vanished at midnight, for she was wiser than Cinderella, and was sound asleep at that hour, dreaming of Prince Charming.

Early the next morning there was a cry of "Land in sight!" and we all rushed on deck to get our first glimpse of the Sandwich Islands.

Oahu, the island on which Honolulu is situated, looked most desolate and barren at first sight, for the mountains were bare

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and brown, or sometimes of a reddish hue, and far from the verdure-clad hills one would expect to see in the "Paradise of the Pacific," as Honolulu is called. But there were vivid green fields of rice and sugar cane, and the water was iridescent with color.

We anchored in the harbor of Honolulu, some distance from the shore, and there we had to wait till the inspection officers and doctors had been on board and examined us and the ship, to see that there was no contagious disease, or anything to prevent us from landing.

While we were waiting, little native boys as brown as nuts came out to the ship in rowboats, and dived down, down, down in the clear water, after money that the passengers threw overboard to them, and brought it up between their teeth. We could often see two or three under water,

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scrambling for the same piece of money, and the victor would feel very proud when he came to the surface, — unless it proved to be a copper, when he would be jeered at by the others. They did not like anything but silver, especially when they had to work so hard for it.

CHAPTER II

HONOLULU

IN early days the Hawaiian Islands were ruled by kings. King Kalakaua, their last king, was a good and kind man, but he was not very wise, nor did he have wise men to advise him, so he did many things which were not best for his country and subjects.

He was very fond of pleasure, and after a trip around the world in which he visited many other countries, he came back to his own islands, discontented with them and wishing them to be great, like some of the countries he had visited, and even more discontented because he could not have all the money he wanted. So he grew more and more unwise, instead of trying to rule

his people so well that they would grow great and powerful.

He died in 1891, and as he left no children, his sister Liliuokalani succeeded him. She promised to obey and enforce the laws, but she did not keep her promise, for the laws took away much of her power, and she did not like this, even if it was for her country's good. She would not listen to the advice of wise councillors, but stubbornly insisted on having her own way ; so a "Committee of Safety" was called together who decided that the Queen's influence was bad, and as she had shown herself unfit to govern, she could no longer be queen.

Of course she was angry, as any queen would be, whether she was able to govern well or not, and she made efforts to resist, but was finally forced to surrender.

In the summer of 1898 Hawaii asked to be annexed to the United States, and over

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the Iolani Palace, the palace of the kings,
the American flag now floats.

The first thing we noticed on landing, was the curious dress of the women. They all wore long, flowing garments, which they call "Kolokus," but which we should call "mother-hubbards." These garments were either black or white, according to the time of day. In these long, flowing robes they are free and untrammelled and walk with a certain easy grace.

When they ride horseback they sit astride the horse, and tuck the overabundant fulness around each leg, which gives them the appearance of wearing Turkish trousers; or else they let it flow out behind and make one think of John Gilpin and his ride, and of how

"The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamers long and gay,
Till loop and button failing both,
At last it blew away."

Along the streets, on the curb-stones, squatted the flower venders, and the air was heavy with tropical fragrance.

These venders sell long necklaces of flowers strung together, which they call "leis," and which both men and women hang around their necks or festoon around their hats, if they wear any. But they do not always wear hats, at least the women do not.

As we drove about Honolulu and saw the beautiful palms and other tropical vegetation, and the brilliant, sweet-scented flowers, surrounding low, cool-looking houses, we began to realize why Honolulu should be likened to Paradise.

One of the chief amusements there is the surf bathing. We took a car to Waikiki beach, some little distance from the city, where we found rows of bath-houses very like those at any other sea-shore resort,

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but the bathing is very different, for when we got on our bathing-suits, the greatest sport was to "ride the waves" in a surf-boat. These are long boats like rowboats, so narrow that one person can just barely squeeze into a seat, and on one side they have an out-rigger (two arms stretched out with a beam between) to keep the balance.

We got into one of these, — "six precious souls, and all agog to dash through thick and thin," — and were rowed out some distance to meet the waves. When a good breaker came we turned very quickly and came riding in, in front of it, at a tremendous speed, shrieking and screaming with delight and excitement. And exciting it truly was, for unless you have a skilful oarsman, who knows just when to take the breaker, you are apt to be ignominiously spilled out, and then you wish you were like the little water-rat natives.

After our bath we lunched at a pretty hotel called the Moana, which means "beside the sea," and then we went for a drive to the Pali, a precipice from which one can look down some twelve or fourteen hundred feet.

The story is, that in olden times there were many different and savage tribes on the island who were in a continual state of warfare with one another, till finally there arose among them a mighty leader, called Kamehameha the Great.

He conquered many of the tribes and made them his subjects, but there were some who continued to be rebellious. These he attacked one day with such might that they were obliged to retreat, though they would not surrender, and he drove them back, back, back, up a tremendous hill, till finally they came to the edge of the precipice. Here, rather than sur-

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render, they made one more retreat, and dashed headlong down those fourteen hundred feet.

We crept cautiously to the edge and peeped over the railing that was put there for safety, but we held tight to each other all the time so that if one went down we would all go together. When we saw the cruel, jagged rocks below we shuddered for the fate of the poor rebellious tribe, and we too retreated, — but in the other direction.

There is a narrow pass that leads over the Pali and down the other side of the mountain, but on some days it is almost impassable from the tremendous velocity of the trade-winds. The day we were there, our driver said, was unusually calm, but nevertheless it was all we could do to battle against the wind and reach the edge of the precipice; and we saw a Chinaman, who lived on the other side and had to use

the pass in carrying his vegetables to the Honolulu market, lie down flat and crawl on his stomach to keep from being blown away.

On our way back to Honolulu we had magnificent views of the town as it lay below us, of the harbor with its ships and sails, and of the water sparkling in the sun. Alice thought that it was the most beautiful view she had ever seen, and that in all our trip to come we should find nothing better.

We passed some of the huts where the natives were having their evening meal, squatting around a large wooden bowl called a "calabash," from which they were all eating.

The principal native dish is "poi," made from the pounded leaves of the Taro plant, which grows abundantly on the island. It makes a thick, pinkish-gray, pasty-looking

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substance, about the consistency of glue and with a sour taste. The natives believe in the old saying that "fingers were made before forks" and are therefore better. They dip their first and second fingers into this stuff and with two or three swift turns, get a large mouthful, which they suck off. They have not very appetizing table manners, nor is their favorite dish especially enticing. It has a combined taste of mucilage and soap with a drop or two of vinegar. Do you believe you would like it?

Charlotte said they made her think of

" The Goops they lick their fingers,
And the Goops they lick their knives;
They spill their broth on the table-cloth —
Oh! they lead disgusting lives! "

But the Hawaiians would think it just as bad manners as we should, to drop any of the poi anywhere but into their mouths.

That night we took dinner at the Hawai-

ian hotel, where we had little Japanese waiters, and after dinner we went to see a troop of Australian children who were playing "The Geisha," a Japanese opera. It seemed a fitting preparation for sailing the next morning at daybreak to fair Japan.

The ten days at sea passed very quickly for there was much to see and do; though you may wonder what one could see but water. Of course there was more of that than anything else, but occasionally a bird would light on our rigging and be carried along, or else fly around our masts and keep near us. The sailors were always glad to see one, for they said it meant good luck.

Then we would see "schools" of porpoises, or of flying fish that would skim along on the surface of the water or some times fly up in the air and then disappear in the water again.

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It is called a *school* when there are a great many together, just as in your school there are a great many boys and girls together.

Every day water was pumped up out of the sea into a canvas tank on deck and every afternoon Alice, Charlotte, and I got into our bathing-suits and went in swimming. It was great fun, for we had such unexpected waves from the lurching of the the ship.

CHAPTER III

"NIPPON"

AS we came into Yokohama harbor on a glorious day of October every one said, "Look out for Fuji-yama! Do you see Fuji? Over there she ought to be."

Charlotte looked in the direction that every one was looking and pointing, and wondered who "Fuji" could be, and why any one should expect to see her up in the clouds.

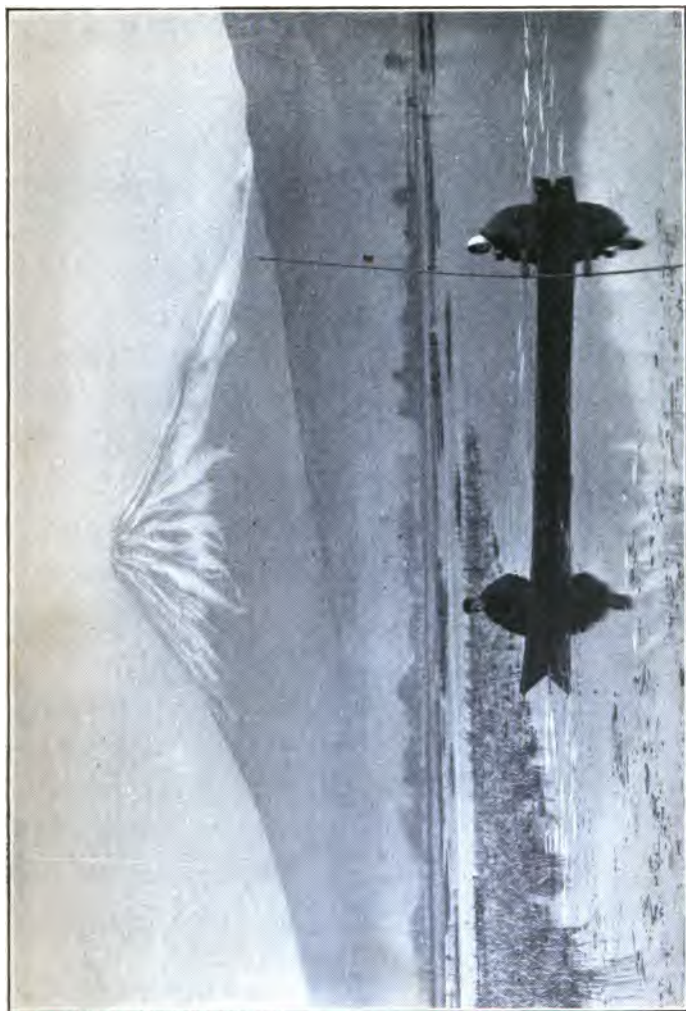
Fuji-yama, or Fuji-san, as it is often called, is a volcano, and its name means "Fire-mountain." It is the highest mountain in Japan and has a strange, cone-like shape. It is worshipped by the Japanese as being sacred, and no picture or work of

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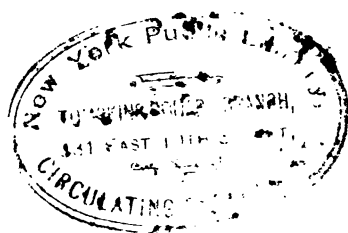
art is quite complete to a Japanese, unless Fuji is to be seen in the distance.

There are many pretty legends about the fire-mountain: one, is that it rose out of the earth in a single night and is presided over by a Goddess of Fire, who dwells on the summit and guards the crater; the sand that is brought down the mountain in the daytime on the feet of pilgrims returns by itself at night; and if the Goddess wishes to come down at any time, the snow miraculously disappears to make it more convenient for her, and as miraculously re-appears on her return.

When Charlotte heard this story, she too was anxious to get a glimpse of the mountain-peak, though it seemed strange to her that people should worship it. She had the Green Mountains all around her at home, and though they were very beautiful, no one ever dreamed of worshipping them.



FUJIYAMA. Page 26.



The Fire Maiden, however, would not show her face, but kept a veil of clouds tightly drawn about her, so we had to content ourselves with the thought that we were going to have many more opportunities of seeing her before we left Japan.

There are so many things to tell you about Nippon, as the Japanese call their country, that I scarcely know where to begin, but first of all, I must tell you about the way we landed.

Our ship was anchored out in the harbor as it was in Honolulu, and little Japanese officers came out to examine the ship and all the passengers; then we were told we might go ashore.

We wondered if we were expected to swim, but neither Alice nor Charlotte felt that their practice of the past few weeks was enough to get them ashore safely, for it seemed a very long way. You can

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imagine what a relief it was when we looked down at the side of the ship and saw any number of little boats waiting for us.

A stairway was hung out over the side of the ship and we walked down, quite as we would have done in our house at home, only we kept hold of the railing in case there should be a sudden lurch. The trunks were lowered by ropes into little Japanese rowboats, called san-pans, and we waved farewell to the captain and Andoo and all who had been good to us on the trip.

Did you ever go to sleep and dream you were in a doll's country, where you seemed like a giant? Alice said she knew now just how that other Alicé felt in her visit to Wonderland, for she never saw such tiny little people and such tiny little houses and even such tiny little trees.

When we got on shore we found queer little two-wheeled carriages, drawn by men instead of horses. They are called *kurumas* or *jinrikishas*, and are just big enough for one, unless one happens to be a very little girl, then two can ride together, as Charlotte and I sometimes did.

We each got into one of these carriages and the jinrikisha boys picked up the shafts and trotted off like nice little ponies. These boys wear dark-blue trousers that fit their legs very tightly, and a short blue jacket with flowing sleeves, and on their back is a Chinese letter painted in white, which is their employer's name. On their feet they wear straw sandals which they kick off when they are worn-out, as a horse casts his shoe. Their hat is a funny round straw disk covered with white, that makes them look like toad-stools.

The houses, as I said, are very tiny (not

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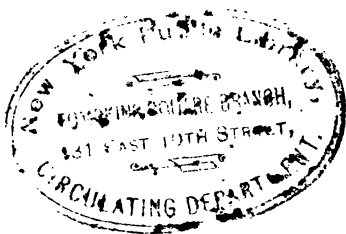
much larger than the play-houses we all have built out of piano boxes), and the walls are all made of sliding screens that can be pushed aside, leaving the house open. The floors are covered with matting and are as soft as cushions, but there is no furniture anywhere to be seen, for the Japanese sit on the floor and sleep on the floor, and their tables are tiny little trays.

The houses are spotlessly clean, for no Japanese would think of going into a house with his shoes on; any more than you would walk over your mother's chairs and cushions in your shoes.

In early days Japan held no intercourse with other countries. Foreigners were not allowed to live in her cities nor have any commerce there. The foreign countries did not like this, and in 1853 the United States sent an expedition out to Japan, under the command of Commodore Perry,



MISSISSIPPI BAY. See page 31.



to open up friendly intercourse, and to establish a coaling station in Japan, which was of great importance to our ships in eastern waters.

On the eighth of July Commodore Perry sailed his ship, the “Mississippi,” into the Bay of Yedo, and finally succeeded in getting the Japanese to open two ports, Yokohama and Hakodate, to American ships. Soon after other nations followed, and that is how Japan was finally opened to foreigners. The Bay of Yedo is sometimes called “Mississippi Bay,” after Commodore Perry’s ship.

The first trip of any distance that we took was to Kamakura, to see a large and famous bronze statue of Buddha, whom the Japanese worship.

Many, many years ago there lived a good, true man who devoted his life to teaching others how to live unselfishly.

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He gave up all that was most dear to him, even his wife and child, and gave all his time and thought to finding a way to make his fellow-men happier and better. He was called Buddha, "the Pure One," and the religion he founded was called Buddhism. All through the East you will find Buddha still worshipped by those who have never heard of Christ and of His having come to redeem the world.

The image of Buddha at Kamakura, which used to be the capital of Japan, but is now only a little fishing-village, is the most famous one in the country, and is a work of art. It is made of bronze, and is nearly fifty feet high. The eyes are of solid gold, and you may imagine how large the whole statue is when I tell you that one eye alone is three feet across. In the middle of his forehead is a ball of silver, weighing thirty pounds.

You may wonder why it should have that round ball in its forehead; it is meant to represent wisdom. For hundreds of years this image has stood exposed to wind and weather, which seem to have had little effect on it. Inside the image is a shrine where people go to pray.

When we went to Kamakura to see this wonderful image, we rode there from Yokohama in jinrikishas, and we each had two rikisha boys to pull us. We sped along at a rapid pace, for they are so well trained that they make nearly as good time as a horse, and a day's run is sometimes as much as forty miles.

We had a regular Japanese “tiffin,” or lunch, at a little Japanese inn that had a pretty garden all around it. We took off our shoes at the door just as the Japanese do, and walked across the soft, matted floor. A screen was drawn aside for us to

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enter and then closed again, leaving us in a little room. Here we all squatted on our heels, as nearly like a Japanese as our stiff muscles would let us, for, without being trained, it is hard to shut up like a jack-knife. Then pretty little Japanese girls stole in noiselessly, bringing us trays of eatables, one for each person, and knelt down beside us, to uncover our dishes and wait on us.

In one tiny bowl was some vegetable soup; in another, some rice, and in a third, some fish, which was cooked for us, though to have been truly Japanese we should have eaten it raw. Of course there was tea. Everywhere you go they give you tea in wee cups without handles; just about a thimble-full, without cream and without sugar; not at all as we drink it at home.

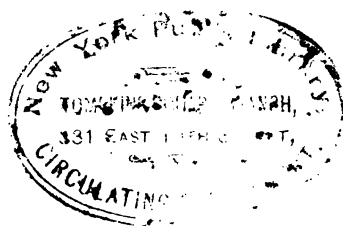
But with all this feast before us there



JAPANESE TIFFIN See page 33.



A JAPANESE BED. See page 30.



was nothing to eat it with but two funny little chop-sticks, and terrible times we had trying to manage those little sticks that serve the Japanese so well, but which seemed bewitched the minute we got them between our fingers.

After much striving and practice we would get a mouthful, as we thought, firmly fixed between the chop-sticks, but just as we would open our mouths to take it in, the bewitched-chop-sticks would give a twitch, and down the whole thing would fall again. So, though we spent much time over it, our repast was rather meagre, and we all agreed that it was more satisfactory to eat with knives and forks, as we do in America.

After tiffin we went to a silk factory, for the manufacture of silk is one of the chief industries of Japan. There we found over three thousand girls and women employed

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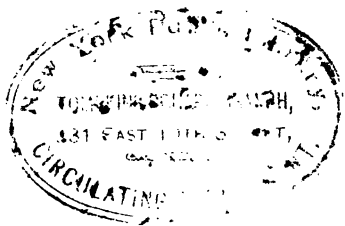
in unrolling the cocoons. The silk is woven in another place, and then rolled in neat little rolls, ready for sale.

Most of the way we rode along the beach, where we could see the fishermen in their boats out at sea, and in one boat was a boy who we were sure was Urashima, for when we looked for him a second time he had disappeared.

Urashima, you know, was a fisher-boy who lived long ago in Japan. One day he went out in his boat, and after he had been fishing a little while, he felt something very heavy tugging at his line. He gave a hard pull, and got it up in his boat, but found it was a big tortoise, with such a funny old wrinkled face that he burst out laughing when he saw it. In Japan, you know, a tortoise lives a thousand years, so Urashima thought it would be a shame to kill this funny old fellow, when he might



A JAPANESE COBBLER. Page 36.



have so long to live and when a small fish would suit him just as well for dinner, so he threw him back into the sea and meant to go on fishing.

But somehow the air seemed too heavy and drowsy, just as it does on a summer's day, and Urashima fell fast asleep. While he was sleeping, a beautiful maiden rose out of the water and got into the boat with him. Urashima waked, and when he saw her he thought she was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen.

The maiden spoke to him and said: “Urashima, you thought you caught a tortoise a little while ago, but it was myself, whom my father sent in disguise to see if you were a good, kind boy. We know now that you are kind, as you spared the life of the old tortoise, so I am going to take you with me to the Dragon Palace where my father, the Sea King, and I live,

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and you shall marry me and we shall be very happy."

Urashima gladly consented, and they floated away till they came to a wonderful palace at the bottom of the sea.

It was all built of the most beautiful pink and white coral, and was studded with diamonds and pearls. The leaves of the trees were of emeralds, with berries of rubies and sapphires; and the fishes' scales were of pure silver and gold.

All this was given to Urashima, and the beautiful princess became his wife. Any boy would be happy with all this, and Urashima was happy for three years.

Then he said to the princess, "I must go to see my father and mother, and my brothers and sisters, but I will return again to you." This made the poor princess very sad, for she did not wish to have Urashima go away, but when she saw he

wished it so much, she gave him a little box to take with him, warning him under no condition to open it, for if he did he could never return to her.

So Urashima started off and soon found himself on the shore where he had lived, but everything seemed strangely different. Even the people were different and looked at him in a curious way. He could not even find his way home, so he asked two men on the shore if they could direct him to the house of Urashima's parents.

“Urashima!” they exclaimed, “why, he was drowned out fishing about four hundred years ago, and not even his body was found. His parents' graves are over yonder.” Then they moved away hastily for they thought he must be insane.

Poor Urashima could not think what to do. He began to realize that the Dragon Palace must have been a part of Fairyland,

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where a day was the same as a year in the world, and he wished to return to it. But how could he find the way?

He could not remember how he had come. Suddenly he thought of the box that the princess had given him and, forgetting her warning, and his promise not to open it, he pulled open the lid, hoping to learn the way back.

There was nothing in the box but a fleecy white cloud that floated softly up into the blue sky. Then, too late, he remembered the princess' warning, and he called and called to the cloud to come back. He even ran along the beach trying to catch it. But soon he could not call, for his breath came shorter and shorter, his hair turned gray, his limbs became weak and bent. Finally he fell down on the beach, dead,—crushed by the weight of his four hundred years.

We found no traces of his bones, however, on the beach so we walked along till we came to a stream too wide to jump across and too deep to wade across without getting wet. Our rikishas had gone ahead, leaving only one of the rikisha boys to act as guide, and you will laugh when I tell you what we did. The little Japanese rikisha boy carried us each across “pick-a-back.” It was a veritable case of

“ We came to a stream
Where we could n't get across ;
We jumped on a *Jap*,—
We took him for a horse.”

CHAPTER IV

TOKIO

TOKIO, the capital of Japan, is among the largest cities in the world, and is made up mostly of little, low-storied buildings, so that it stretches out for miles. It is here that the Mikado lives, and here that the affairs of state are carried on.

A Japanese fairy-tale says that, in the beginning, the world was divided between two brothers and their sister Ama. To Ama was given the sun, where she might live and rule. One brother ruled the moon, where on clear nights you can still see his jolly round face, and the other ruled the sea.

One day the Sun Goddess came out of her cave, where she hid herself at night, and smiled upon the earth, and at the same time a Sea Dragon came out of the sea and basked in her smile. Finally the Sun Goddess wedded the Sea Dragon and their descendants became the Mikados of Japan. The dragon is still an emblem of Japan and the Mikado is believed to be related to the gods, and in years gone by was thought too holy for the common gaze of his subjects, causing blindness to those who were unworthy and dared to look upon him. Even now he seldom appears in public, save on his birthday, when he reviews his troops.

On our arrival in Tokio we went first to the Mikado's palace. It is surrounded by three deep moats, into which, in time of danger, the water is allowed to flow, making three deep, wide bodies of water, pro-

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tecting the palace from the assault of the enemy, so that his Highness may be safe. To our great disappointment we could not see the palace, for his Highness was in residence, and then no strangers are allowed within the castle walls.

The day was not to be wholly uneventful, for on our return we were suddenly stopped; our rikishas were lined up on one side of the street, and our rikisha boys stood bare-headed at our side. All the Japanese in the street stopped and took off their hats, if they wore them, or if not, stood facing the street; and soon four men in simple livery came riding by on horseback, followed by an open victoria in which sat the princess, the wife of the crown prince, with their baby son, the heir to the Japanese throne. But to our disappointment the princess was dressed in European clothes, just like any one you might see in

this country ; only, her yellow face looked a little yellower in a pink dress and pink hat.

A great many of the Japanese now wear the same kind of clothes that we do when they go out in the street, instead of their own pretty, picturesque dress ; but at home they still wear soft "kimonos," as their dress is called.

On our return to the hotel, we found an invitation waiting us, to dine the next day with Prince Charming !

It is the most exciting thing in the world to dine with a prince, for you eat humming-birds' tongues and blackbird-pie, where all the four and twenty blackbirds fly out and sing when the pie is opened, and bread and honey is the dessert. At least, that is what kings and queens and princes eat in fairy books, and Charlotte thought it would be the same. Whether it was or not, I do not believe she could

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tell you, for sometimes, you know, fairies weave a magic spell about you and after it is all over you cannot tell just what did happen.

One night we went to see the Japanese Geisha girls, or dancing girls. They dance very strange, pretty dances in which they represent a thunder-cloud, a butterfly, or a flower, and they pose and sway and flutter around just as the flower or the butterfly or the thunder-cloud would do; and all the while they are keeping time to strange music sung and played by little girl musicians, — music that to the Japanese sounds very beautiful, but to our unaccustomed ears is nothing but harsh sound.

The dancing girls were from sixteen to twenty years old and were no taller than Charlotte who was only ten, while Alice and Fred were taller than any of them.

After a Geisha is twenty-five she is con-

sidered too old to dance and is one of the musicians, — and after all, twenty-five is rather old, is n't it?

Between the dances the Geisha girls came and sat on the floor with us and we ate little cakes and drank "saké," which is Japanese wine made from rice; and we and our clothes were just as strange and interesting to them as they were to us.

Of all the people in the world, I think the Japanese care the most for flowers and take the greatest pains in cultivating them. Almost every month in the year they have some special flower-show, and in October and November they have wonderful chrysanthemums which people travel many miles to see. There are chrysanthemums of every variety and color, and of all sizes, from perfect little flowers no larger than a pin-head to great, shaggy, long-petalled

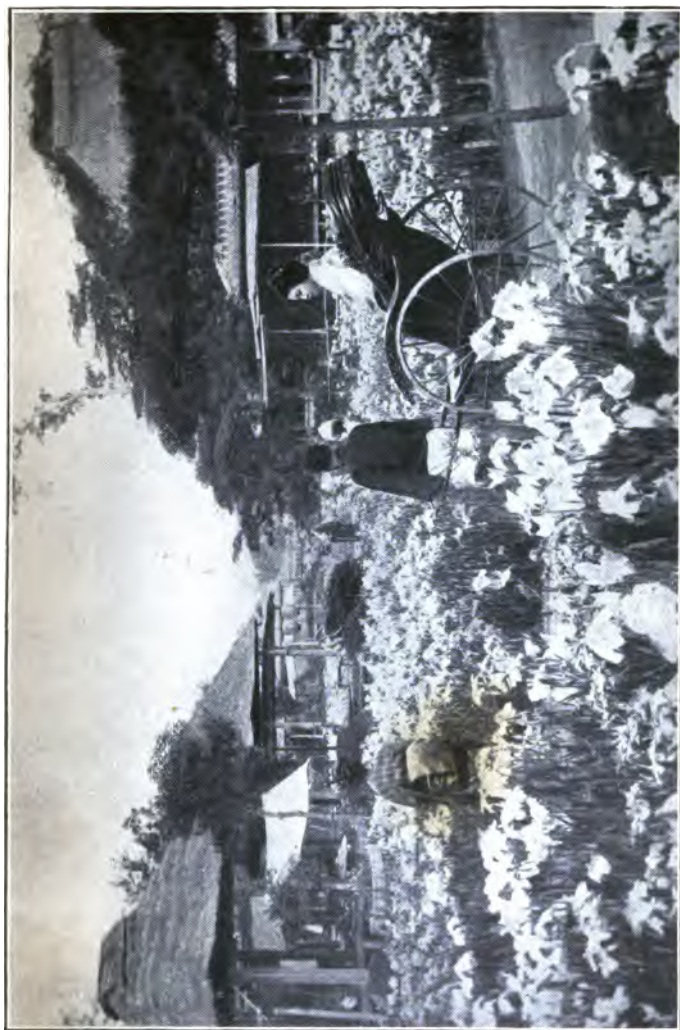
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blossoms such as we see in the greenhouses here. But the most wonderful thing is to see plants growing into figures of men and women, with colored blossoms for the eyes and mouth and for trimming on their clothes. Nor is that enough, but they tell whole stories pictured out in chrysanthemums. Especially they like to tell the story of

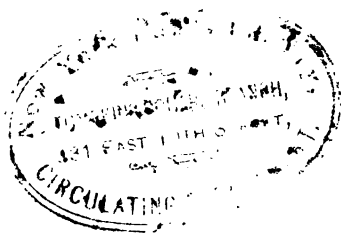
THE FORTY-SEVEN RONINS

Once upon a time there lived near Tokio a rich and noble lord whose name was Asano Takumi no Kami,—but we will call him Takumi, for short.

A royal ambassador had been sent from the Mikado to the Shogun (the commander-in-chief of the army), who lived in Tokio, and Takumi and another lord, Kami-Samà, were chosen to receive and entertain him. But the Mikado's ambassador was a very



A JAPANESE GARDEN. Page 48.



great person, and it was necessary that he should be received with all the proper pomp and ceremony due to his rank. So a high official named Kiro Kôtsuké no Suké was named as the one at court best fitted to teach them the etiquette for the ambassador's reception, and every day they had to go to the palace to hear his instructions.

As was the custom of the time, they both sent him presents beforehand; but Kôtsuké was a very greedy man and did not think the presents large enough, so he took no pains in teaching them the court manners. Instead, he made fun of them and made them ridiculous.

Difficult as it was, Takumi bore his insults and kept his temper, but Kami was furious. That night he called his counsellor to him and said: "Takumi and I have been greatly insulted by Kôtsuké today, and if it had not been at court, I

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should have killed him. But I thought how all my lands would be taken away from me if I killed him in the castle grounds; and did nothing. I have made up my mind, however, to kill him as soon as possible."

Now Kami's counsellor was a very wise man, and, instead of arguing with his lord and telling him how wrong and foolish it would be to do such a thing, he said nothing.

Early the next morning he went to the palace of Kôtsuké. Remembering his reputation for being a miser, he took as much money with him as he could collect, and said to Kôtsuké's servants, "My lord, Kami-Sama, is greatly indebted to your master for the trouble he has taken to teach him the court manners and he sends him this present. It is not as much as your master deserves, but my lord, Kami-

Sama, begs he will graciously accept it." Then the counsellor gave money to all the servants.

That day at court Kôtsuké was most polite to Kami-Sama and took pains to teach him well, but Takumi's counsellor had given Kôtsuké no present, so Kôtsuké was more insolent than ever to Takumi.

All this Takumi bore with the greatest patience and courtesy, as became a gentleman, till finally, Kôtsuké was so insolent that Takumi could bear it no longer, and he pulled his sword from its sheath and tried to kill Kôtsuké. But Kôtsuké escaped with only a wound and Takumi was arrested.

To kill, or try to kill any one within the palace grounds was a grave offence and after the trial, Takumi was sentenced to commit *hara-kiri*, which meant he would have to kill himself with his own sword.

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His property was all taken by the Mikado, and his forty-seven retainers were left without a lord; so they became wanderers, or Ronins.

These Ronins determined to avenge the death of their master, but Kôtsuké was on his guard, for he thought they would try to kill him.

The first thing for them to do was to throw him off his guard. To do this some of the forty-seven Ronins hired themselves to other masters; some became merchants and carpenters, and their leader, Kurano-suké, went to live in Kioto. There he lived a most terrible life, and gave himself up to drunkenness, so that every one who knew him was disgusted with him.

One day he was going home drunk, but before he got there he fell down in the street and went to sleep. A man who knew him happened to see him, and in his

great contempt for him, for forgetting his master and not trying to avenge his death, he kicked him with his foot and spat upon him.

The news of all these doings came to Kôtsuké from time to time, till finally Kôtsuké thought Kuranosuké had forgotten his vengeance and so there was no longer any need for him to be on his guard.

This was what the forty-seven Ronins were waiting for, so they made their plans. The ones who had been carpenters had gotten work to do in Kôtsuké's palace, so they knew all about the interior and how to get into it.

It was the middle of winter. The snow was deep on the ground and it was very cold. One night, when all was still, the forty-seven Ronins attacked the palace of Kôtsuké. Half of them attacked the front of the palace, and the other half the rear.

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They overcame the guards, whom they terrified, and finally found Kôtsuké, who had hidden himself in a closet when he realized what was happening, and who it was who was attacking him. When they found him they told him he might commit hara-kiri, for, being a noble, they were willing he should die an honorable death, and to commit hara-kiri is the most honorable death in Japan.

But Kôtsuké, besides being a miser, was a coward and was afraid; so Kuranosuké cut off his head. In the meantime the forty-seven Ronins sent word to the people in the neighborhood, telling them of what was happening at Kôtsuké's palace so that they would not be alarmed. But Kôtsuké had not lived among his neighbors in a way to make them love him, so no one came to his aid.

As day broke, the forty-seven Ronins

started out with the head of Kiro Kôtsuké no Suké to carry it as an offering to the grave of their master, Takumi. The priest of the Temple led them to the grave, and having washed the head in a well near by, they laid it on the grave of their master. Then they gave the priest all the money they had and begged that when they were dead, he would see that they were decently buried, and would say a few prayers for their souls. The priest, admiring their faithfulness and courage, promised to do as they asked.

Of course they were tried and sentenced to death. It was no more than they expected; and when the forty-seven were commanded to commit hara-kiri, they died as courageously and faithfully as they had lived. Their bodies were buried near their master's in the Temple grounds of Senja-kuji, and when the news of the brave deed

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spread abroad, crowds came from all over the country to visit their graves.

Among them was the man who had scorned Kuranosuké when he saw him drunk in the streets of Kioto. Now, among the crowd, there was none more reverent, for he realized the faithfulness and courage of those forty-seven men, and how their apparent forgetfulness was, in reality, great loyalty and a determination to avenge their master's wrongs.

When he reached the grave of Kurano-suké, he fell upon his knees and begged pardon of the departed one for having thought him faithless; then he pulled a knife from his belt and killed himself.

The priest buried him by the side of the forty-seven Ronins, and now if you go to the Temple of Senjakuji, a little way out of Tokio, you will see all those graves, of Asano Takumi no Kami and his forty-

seven faithful retainers, and the one other grave of the penitent friend, and near by is the well in which they washed the head of Kôtsuké.

Though this happened many hundred years ago, incense is still kept burning on the graves; for loyalty and faithfulness and courage live forever, and that is why the Japanese like to remember the story and tell it to their children, and make pictures of it in flowers.

Besides the wonderful things they do with flowers, the Japanese are all the time training their trees and plants into curious shapes, or else stunting their growth. We saw one tree that was over eight hundred years old, but was not more than twelve inches high, and was gnarled and twisted like the oldest and biggest forest tree, that had spent its long life battling with wind and weather.

CHAPTER V

NIKKO

NIKKO, in the mountains, was ablaze with the brilliant autumn color of many maples. But even more beautiful than the maples were the evergreen cryptomaria trees. That is a very big name to have to give a tree, but the trees themselves seemed like giants, as they stood straight and tall and magnificent, on either side of the road as we passed along.

At Nikko are many beautiful temples and tombs built in honor of some mighty Shogun, or ruler, by his faithful subjects.

Once there was a very poor man who, while he loved his Shogun very much and grieved for him when he died, had no

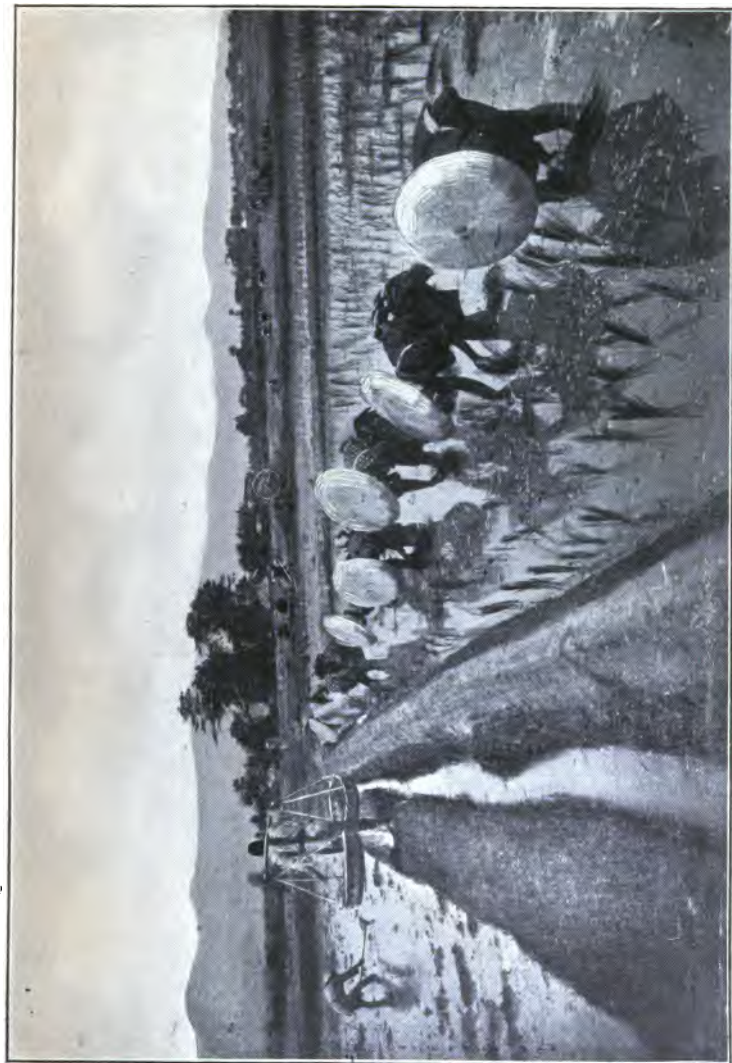
money with which to build him a tomb ; so he thought for a long time what he could do to show him honor, and finally decided to plant cryptomaria trees along an avenue leading up to Nikko. This avenue is about thirty miles long and in the hundreds of years that have passed since then, the trees have grown and increased in beauty and stateliness, and are the most magnificent monument one could possibly imagine. Time will fade the beautiful colors of the temples, and the wood of which they are built will decay, but the avenue of cryptomaria trees will last forever. I wonder if the poor man knew how far his monument would surpass all others. Do you think he did ?

The Nikko temples are famous all over Japan and, in fact, all over the world, for their beauty and magnificence. They stand in a grove of splendid trees, up on a

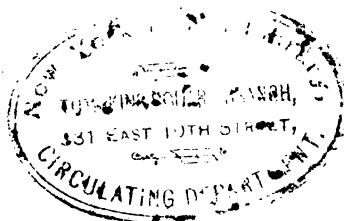
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high hill which makes them doubly imposing. But what do you think Alice and Fred and Charlotte liked best? They were three monkeys over the sacred stable at the entrance of the Temple grounds, where the sacred white pony was kept. One of them had his hands over his ears, another had his hands over his mouth, and a third had his hands over his eyes. And this is to teach us that we should hear no evil, speak no evil, and see no evil. Would n't it be a good thing if we could follow the little monkeys' teaching, even if we had to hold tight to eyes and ears and mouth to do it?

From Nikko, we took a trip further up the mountain to a pretty little lake called Chuzenji. Charlotte and Fred and I rode on horseback and the others went in jinrikishas. They were sorry-looking ponies that we found waiting for us when we were ready to start, and we wondered if they



● IN A RICE FIELD. Page 60.



would be able to carry us all the way. You see in Japan they very seldom use ponies, so they do not know much about them or whether they look as they should. Though they were not pretty, there is an old saying that "handsome is as handsome does," and we found they did very well.

Those who went in jinrikishas had two men, one to pull and the other to push, and we each had a boy or man running along to take care of the ponies when we got there, so it made a goodly party with us all.

On our way back, night overtook us before we reached our destination, and whenever we came to a bit of forest that was especially black, the man and boy who ran by our side, sang lustily, to keep off the evil spirits.

One time we came suddenly on a man who was walking in the opposite direction.

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My horse shied at the sudden encounter and the poor little Jappy boy at my side was so terrified that he got weak in the knees and could not speak, much less sing. Just think how it would feel to be walking through a dark forest in constant fear of meeting an evil spirit, and singing at the top of your voice to keep the spirits away, for you know they do not like noises, and then come face to face with something that might be one! It was awful! But when his strength returned, he sang with redoubled vigor, and I do not wonder that the spirits kept away; I would have, too, if I could.

CHAPTER VI

KIOTO

ON our way to Kioto, we got our first glimpse of Fuji-yama. She stood out dazzlingly clear and white in the sunlight against the blue sky, and was so lovely that we did not wonder at the Japanese adoration of her.

In Kioto you see the gay-colored dress of the Japanese in all its glory, for the people in Kioto have the reputation of spending most of their money on their clothes; and what is left from their clothes, they spend on the theatre.

Would you like to know something about a Japanese theatre? The floor is partitioned off in little squares about big

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enough for two people to sit curled up in. These take the place of our chairs, and what corresponds to our aisles are raised planks. Being foreigners, we had to go upstairs to the balcony, for we were so big that even had we squatted on the floor in Japanese fashion, it would have been impossible for any Japanese behind us to see the stage.

The curtain was a flimsy piece of cotton cloth, which the people in the audience were continually pulling up during the intermission, to see how things were progressing behind the scenes. Almost all had brought their dinner or supper, and for those who had not, there were small girls going around selling trays of eatables.

The footlights consisted of six tallow candles, but in the tragic parts where the actor's face needed to be seen, a candle on a slender willow pole was held up to it by a

man who crouched in front. The man was dressed in black and one was supposed not to see him.

One morning we started out for Lake Biwa, which is a trip of two or three hours by jinrikisha from Kioto. There was nothing specially wonderful about our trip there, for by that time it had gotten to be quite an old story to us to be pulled along by our little human ponies. But we had a very strange trip back, for we went by water, on a canal which in many places was tunnelled through the mountain. We got into a funny little Japanese boat, where we had to sit on the floor, unless we wanted to knock our heads against the roof. On our bow was a big, round, Japanese lantern, and on the side of the boat a flaming torch.

One of the tunnels was over two miles long ; so after a few minutes, we found our-

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selves in total darkness, save for the faint glimmer of the Japanese lantern and the lurid glare of the torch. We glided along almost noiselessly, with only an occasional splash from the oar with which we were being poled, and as silently other boats came out of the darkness to meet us.

You have read, have you not, of the river Styx, that the Ancients believed flowed between this world and the world of the dead, and of Charon, the ferry-man who carried the departed souls across the river? We pretended that we were on the river Styx, with Charon at the oar. Alice chose to be Proserpine, going back to Pluto's realm after spending six months on earth with her mother Ceres; Charlotte was Psyche, going on an errand for Venus who wanted some beauty-ointment; and Fred was the fleet-footed Mercury, one of whose duties it was to conduct the ghosts of

departed souls to Pluto's kingdom. The rest of us were the departed souls in his charge.

As we drew near the end of the tunnel, we wondered if we should find Cerberus, the three-headed dog, waiting for us, but when daylight began to return we knew that we had taken the wrong road and were on earth again. Mercury, this time, had not done his duty well.

Much as we regretted it, the day finally came when we had to say Sayonara (which means good-bye in Japanese) to dear, quaint, little Japan. It had been such an interesting Wonderland and all the inhabitants had been such gentle, polite little people that we were truly sorry to have to turn the page and see what kind of fairies there were to be found in China. A fairy with a pigtail would be a strange sight, would it not?

CHAPTER VII

CHINA

HONG KONG is an island on the east coast of China at the mouth of the Canton River. It belongs to Great Britain and the real name of the city is Victoria, though you never hear it called anything but Hong Kong.

The city is built on the side of a very steep hill, and at night one can scarcely tell where the stars end and the lights of the city begin. Most of the buildings are splendid ones of stone, and some of the homes of the English who live there are very fine, but seem almost inaccessible on the high cliffs from which they look down. They too are of stone, and every stone that

went to build them was carried up on the shoulders of women; for in China things seem to be quite the reverse of what they are in this country. There the women are the day laborers, and seem to me to have altogether the hardest time.

The women wear trousers, and the men wear long robes that look almost like skirts, and you all know that a Chinaman wears his hair in a long braid, or pigtail, as we call it. If a Chinaman comes to this country and cuts off his pigtail he cannot go home again, or if he does, he is looked upon with contempt.

A long time ago the Chinese were conquered by a Tartar tribe who compelled them to wear the Tartar dress, and to shave their heads and wear a pigtail as they did. The dynasty which rules China now is the same Manchu-Tartar dynasty, so to this day the same custom continues.

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A strange and cruel custom of the Chinese is that of stunting the feet of a little girl-baby, unless she belongs to such very poor parents that she will have to grow up to be a day laborer, in which case her feet are allowed to grow naturally. If her parents are not poor, her feet are bound with the toes turned under, and the instep is gradually bent so that the heel and toes come nearly together. She suffers cruelly, and is never able to walk or stand with any comfort. Think of a woman, as tall, or perhaps taller than your mother, with a shoe not four inches long!

There is a strange custom among the men of letting one finger-nail, generally the little one, grow an inch or so beyond the end of the finger. This is a mark of distinction, showing that the man does no manual labor, for if he did the nail would be broken.

In Hong Kong there were jinrikishas like those in Japan, but we missed our gentle little Japanese human ponies and preferred to ride in the swinging sedan chairs, which were more convenient as well, for some of the streets were simply a flight of steps, up which the jinrikisha could not go. The sedan chairs were swung on long poles and carried on the shoulders of two Chinamen and as they carried us along, it seemed as if we were in swinging cradles.

If we wished to go to the right, we rapped on the right arm of the chair, and the Chinaman, feeling it on his right shoulder, would turn that way, or if we wished to go to the left we rapped on the left arm.

Across the river from Hong Kong, is the city of Kaloon, where there is a British garrison, and beyond, a deserted city,—the “Walled City of the Pirates.” I know

72 *In Eastern Wonderlands*

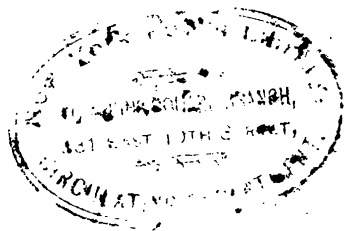
every boy who reads this book would like to see a picture of a pirates' city. Much of the wall is still left, and upon the ramparts the cannon still stand, but the city is quite empty of inhabitants. A troop of curious China boys who followed us begging for "chin chin" (pennies) were the only signs of life.

But think of what it must have been, years and years ago, when, on a dark and stormy night, a band of pirates returned from a long and glorious trip with their store of treasure! Do you suppose there could have been a secret trap-door in that first house, with a subterranean passage leading to the place where their treasure was buried?

On our way back we met laborers and farmers carrying their wares to market in great baskets, or tiers of baskets swung on poles, which they carried over their shoul-



THE "WALLED CITY OF THE PIRATES." Page 72.



ders. We passed a Chinese cemetery where we saw a good many large earthen jars which seemed curiously out of place, until we were told that, when a Chinaman dies, if he is too poor to buy ground in which to be buried, his bones are put into an earthen jar. It was truly a "potter's field."

Hong Kong is really not typically Chinese, for there are too many English in the city, but a day's journey up the Canton River brings you to the city of Canton, where you feel as if you were in a different world.

On the river are queer-looking boats with eyes painted on the bow. "How could the boat see to go along without eyes?" the Chinese ask. And on some of these boats whole families live without ever going ashore. Babies are born, live, and die on these little crafts which form the limits of their world. There are, I believe,

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several hundred thousand people who live on the Canton River in this way.

In the city the streets are about as wide as our sidewalks, and in riding along in our sedan chairs, we could touch the buildings on either side.

Charlotte did not enjoy Canton, for she had heard all sorts of stories of how rude the Chinese were to foreigners, none of whom they like.

They think it is a curse to a child to have a foreigner look at it, and everywhere, as we went along, we could see the children being hurried away, or else having their faces covered until we passed. One day Charlotte and I rode together, and headed the long line of our party, and as we turned a corner some men threw a few lighted fire-crackers in our faces and they exploded in our laps. That was all, — but it was enough to convince Charlotte of



A FARMER CARRYING HIS WARES TO MARKET Page 73.



ON THE CANTON RIVER. Page 74.



their rudeness; and every day we missed more and more the gentle courtesy of the Japanese.

The Japanese are said to be the cleanest people in the world, and the Chinese quite the reverse. A story is told of an Englishman who was invited by a Chinaman of rank to a reception he was giving to some of his friends. The Chinese host spoke of bathing, and said with an air of great pride that he had not had a bath for thirty years!

One day we went for our lunch to the top of a five-storied Pagoda, a high tower outside the city wall, which commanded a fine view of the city. In the centre of the upper floor was a space, enclosed with wire, where the table was spread, and outside the wire netting was a throng of gaping, curious Chinese men and boys, who flattened their noses against the wire and watched

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us eat. When you have been to the Zoo you have watched the keeper feed the animals, haven't you? So had we, but we never expected to change places with the animals!

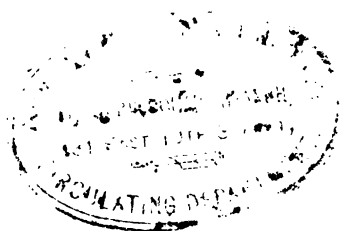
I think we were none of us sorry to leave China, and the mere name of "India," where we were bound, held an enchantment and promise which the country more than fulfilled.



RIVER BOATS. See page 74



TEAMSTERS. See page 75.



CHAPTER VIII

CEYLON, THE GARDEN OF EDEN

HONOLULU is called the "Paradise of the Pacific," but the Cingalese claim their island of Ceylon to have been the real Garden of Eden. Their highest mountain is called Adam's Peak, and they will show you a huge footprint in the stone on the mountain side which they say is Adam's footprint; while across the narrow sea between India and Ceylon is a line of submarine rocks called Adam's bridge. It would have been a very beautiful Garden of Eden, for there are marvellous tropical plants and luscious fruits in such abundance that all the natives have to do is to go out of their door and pick their breakfast or dinner from the trees.

78 *Ceylon, the Garden of Eden*

Ceylon is just off the southern end of India and is very near the equator; so the weather is always warm, and the natives do not need many clothes. Without clothes or food to work for, they become very lazy,—and who does not like to be lazy on a hot summer's day? If all our days were like theirs I am afraid we should be lazy, too.

It was New Year's day when we landed in Colombo, and warmer than our warmest summer days at home. The sun beats down with such fierce heat that foreigners have to take great care to avoid having a sunstroke. Therefore, our first expedition on landing was to the hatter's, where we all bought pith helmets which were light and cool and kept the sun from baking down on our heads. Then we felt ready for anything.

Our hotel looked over the sea, with a



A CINGALESE SAIL BOAT. Page 78.



Ceylon, the Garden of Eden 79

line of palms and fresh green grass between, and on the other side was a long veranda, overlooking the road, where every day jugglers and snake charmers came to show off their tricks. Alice and Charlotte liked best to see the mango tree grow. The juggler would sit cross-legged in front of us and pat down a little mound of earth, then he would plant a seed in it, cover it with a large cotton cloth, and say words that *may* have been Cingalese. But I believe they were really magic, for soon we would see the cloth begin to move, and in a few minutes he would take off the cloth, and there before our eyes, coming out of the earth where we had seen him plant the mango seed, would be a dear little mango tree about six inches high, and as fresh and green and flourishing as a mango tree should be.

While the mango tree was growing for

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the girls, Fred's eyes would generally wander to a basket by the juggler's side, the lid of which would rise every once in a while and a cobra would stick out his head. If he could get out far enough he would raise his head and spread his hood, while his little tongue shot back and forth quickly. Sometimes he would be taken out of the basket and allowed to fight with a mongoose. But we never saw them fight to a finish, for the mongoose would always kill the cobra, so the juggler comes to the cobra's aid before it is too late. Kipling's "Jungle Book" tells the story of how Rikki-Tikki-Tavi, the mongoose, saved the life of his little master by killing the cobra which was lying in wait for him. The little mongoose really is of great service in helping to destroy the cobras, which kill thousands of men and women every year.

Ceylon, the Garden of Eden 81

Charlotte's father let her have the juggler teach her some of his tricks, and one especially (putting an egg into a bag, and making it disappear) she learned to do very well. She would have to tell you how she did it. And later, when we saw other jugglers in India doing the same trick, they were greatly surprised to have her take their bag and egg and do the trick right after them.

Every morning, in Colombo, we were awakened by the crows, which were very tame and flew right in at our window and helped themselves to the toast and tea which were brought to our room before we were up. Some would dare to take it from our fingers, but that was being a little too bold for most of them.

One morning Charlotte and I had a good laugh at a big, black, saucy fellow who came in at the window, flew over to the

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wash-stand, and took a drink out of the pitcher. The water looked and tasted so cool and refreshing that he decided to have a bath, and gave himself a splendid ducking, sending the water flying in all directions. Then he sat on the edge of the pitcher and began to make his toilet, smoothing down his feathers, and shaking himself dry. Suddenly he seemed to become aware of our two pairs of eyes fastened on him, for with a quick look toward us he was out of the window and away; and we never knew whether he dared to come back again or not.

The Cingalese are short, slender people, with small hands and feet. The men wear their hair long and twisted in a knot at the back of their heads with a tortoise-shell comb to keep it in place. The dress of both men and women of the lower classes consists of a long strip of cotton cloth

Ceylon, the Garden of Eden 83

wound round and round their waists, so they look very much alike.

One of the chief occupations of the people of Colombo is the sale of gems: rubies and emeralds and sapphires,—some of them real, and some of them such good imitations that people get badly cheated. The principal business street is crowded with little shops filled with jewels, and the owners come out and swarm about you in the street, begging you to come in and buy. When you do go in, and they display their precious stones, you begin to believe that the fairy stories are true about the places under the sea where the palaces are built of coral, studded with precious stones, and where the leaves of the trees are of emeralds, with berries of rubies and sapphires,—and that those men know the secret of reaching that enchanted land and of coming back laden with treasure.

CHAPTER IX

KANDY

UP in the mountains of Ceylon is a beautiful place called Kandy. I wonder if there is a boy or girl living to whom the name does not bring very sweet thoughts!

Kandy is not made of candy, but I am sure the thoughts the children have of it are just as pleasant.

It is a long trip from Colombo, taking about seven hours, for we climbed steadily up the mountains, and it was night when we reached our destination. Next morning, when we waked, we looked out of our window and saw a beautiful little lake before us. As soon as we could get ready, we went for a walk around it and came to

the Temple of the Sacred Tooth, where the most precious relic is a tooth, said to have belonged to Buddha.

There was a great beating of drums and clanging of brass, calling the people to prayer, so we went, too. The air was heavy with the smell of jasmine and other sweet-scented tropical flowers that were brought as offerings; and each one bowed very low before an altar where a priest was standing, and laid down their floral offerings. When the service was over we were taken to a little room behind the altar, where the sacred tooth is kept under a golden dome, called a *dagoba*, which is elaborately ornamented and inlaid with precious stones. That in turn is in a glass case which is locked, the key being carefully guarded by a priest. It seemed a marvellous setting for just a tooth. But out of the marvellous setting came a

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marvellous tooth, for it was an inch and a half long and as large around as your thumb. Fred said that it looked more like a boar's tusk than a man's tooth, but the priest believed firmly that it once belonged to Buddha.

Across the street, under a shining white dagoba, was one of Adam's footprints. That too, was marvellously large, being about five feet long.

In a temple near Colombo we had seen a "footprint of Buddha" of about the same size, so we asked the priest why it was so much larger than a man's foot is now, and he said, "Because they were good they were of heroic size, but on account of the exceeding great sin in the world now, men have become so small."

Connected with the temple was a library, containing some very rare and beautiful old books, written on palmetto leaves and

bound with heavy silver bands. How would you like to read a story from that kind of a book?

The next day we went early in the morning, before the sun grew too hot, to the botanical gardens, which are the most beautiful in the world and are filled with wonderful tropical plants. There we saw the palmetto palms which furnish food and clothing to the natives, and out of which they used even to make their books.

One afternoon we went to the river to see the elephants pile lumber, pushing and hauling the great logs into position with their heads or trunks, obedient to the command of their keeper. When their work was finished they went into the river for a bath, their keepers riding on their backs. There they had great fun, spouting water through their trunks at each other, or sometimes over their heads onto their

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keepers, or else giving an unexpected roll in the water, when they seemed to enjoy the surprise of the men on their backs, and their scramble to keep from being ducked.

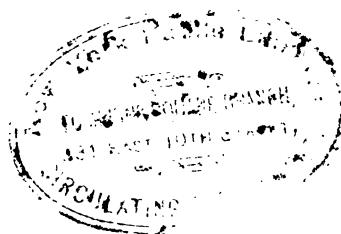
That night, after dinner, when the sun had long set, there was a Devil's Dance in front of the hotel.

The people there believe in evil spirits which inhabit the trees and shrubbery and are ever on the alert to do harm. If misfortune befalls any one it is thought to be on account of one of these devils, whom only a certain enchantment will drive away. This enchantment is the "Devil's Dance."

The people came with flaming torches which gave a weird, uncanny light, and outside the circle of light the blackness was terrible. It would have been more dreadful to have to step from that light to the outer darkness than to go upstairs alone



THE BATH AFTER WORK. Page 88.



in the dark, for there you *knew* they were trying to keep the devil away, but going upstairs you only think perhaps something *might* jump out at you.

When the circle was formed, the dancers came. They were all in gay costumes, but the two leaders were most gorgeous, for they were covered with jangling metal and strings of beads, which clashed noisily as they danced to discordant music. Altogether the noise was frightful, but I am sure the enchantment was a good one, for no evil spirit would have dared to come near.

CHAPTER X

INDIA, THE LAND OF ENCHANTMENT

THERE is no country so full of fascination and interest as India, the land of enchantment, and we had our first glimpse of it in Calcutta, which is a strange mixture of the East and the West, for all nationalities are seen there, though one feels that England rules and is supreme.

It is an eight-day sea-trip from Colombo, and as we steamed up the Bay of Bengal and the Hoogli River and finally stepped ashore in Calcutta, Charlotte said it was like a very interesting geography lesson.

But Calcutta did not seem as strange and unreal to us as the other places we had seen, for there are many handsome

stone buildings, and the palace of the governor is very imposing.

The streets of the city are broad and well-paved, like the streets of any large city in this country, but you never saw streets sprinkled in such a queer way!

A man walks around with a pig's skin in his arms. The legs have been tightly fastened, but the neck is left open, and from the neck comes a stream of water. When this queer watering-pot is empty he goes to the nearest trough or pump and refills it as often as he must, till the dust is laid. Or, if the distance between the supplies of water is too great, he fills two large bags, throws them across the back of a bullock, which he leads along, and refills the pig's skin from these bags.

When the English first started to trade with India, they put up a few houses along the banks of the Hoogli River on which

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Calcutta is now built, and eventually established a British garrison there.

It was all done so gradually that the Indians did not realize that England was gaining control of them. Finally, however, the English were attacked by an Indian ruler, and the whole garrison, of one hundred and forty-six men, was shut up over night in a dungeon only eighteen feet square, with only two small, barred windows on one side.

The night was hot and sultry, as nights are in Calcutta, and when morning broke only twenty-three of the one hundred and forty-six were living, all the rest having been suffocated for want of air. This dungeon is called in history "The Black Hole of Calcutta," and some day when you go there, you will see a tablet marking the spot, erected to the memory of those who perished on that dreadful night.

CHAPTER XI

A TRIP UP THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS

FROM Calcutta to Darjeeling, up in the Himalaya mountains, is a long, over-night trip, and a night on a train in India is a far different thing from a night on an American Pullman car. There we had to carry all our bedding and pillows with us, otherwise we should have gone without, and the leather-covered seats we lay on seemed very hard and slippery before morning.

But to climb up the Himalayas in funny little open cars, on rails only two feet apart; to wind up and up and up, through thick forests, then out again where you can look down hundreds of feet to the track below; to feel the air growing crisper and

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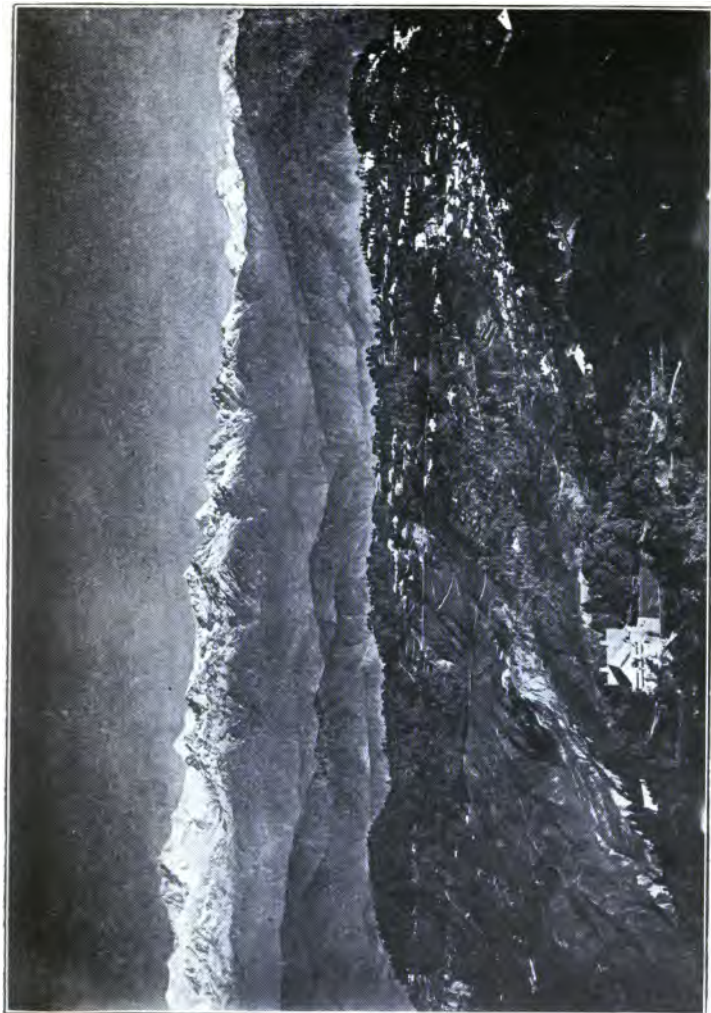
cooler, and to realize that you are climbing the highest mountain range in the world, and are going to see the highest peak, fills you with such joy that a night's discomfort is soon forgotten.

Darjeeling, though seven thousand feet high, is only among the foot-hills of the Himalayas, and all around us towered the snowy giants, twenty thousand feet higher.

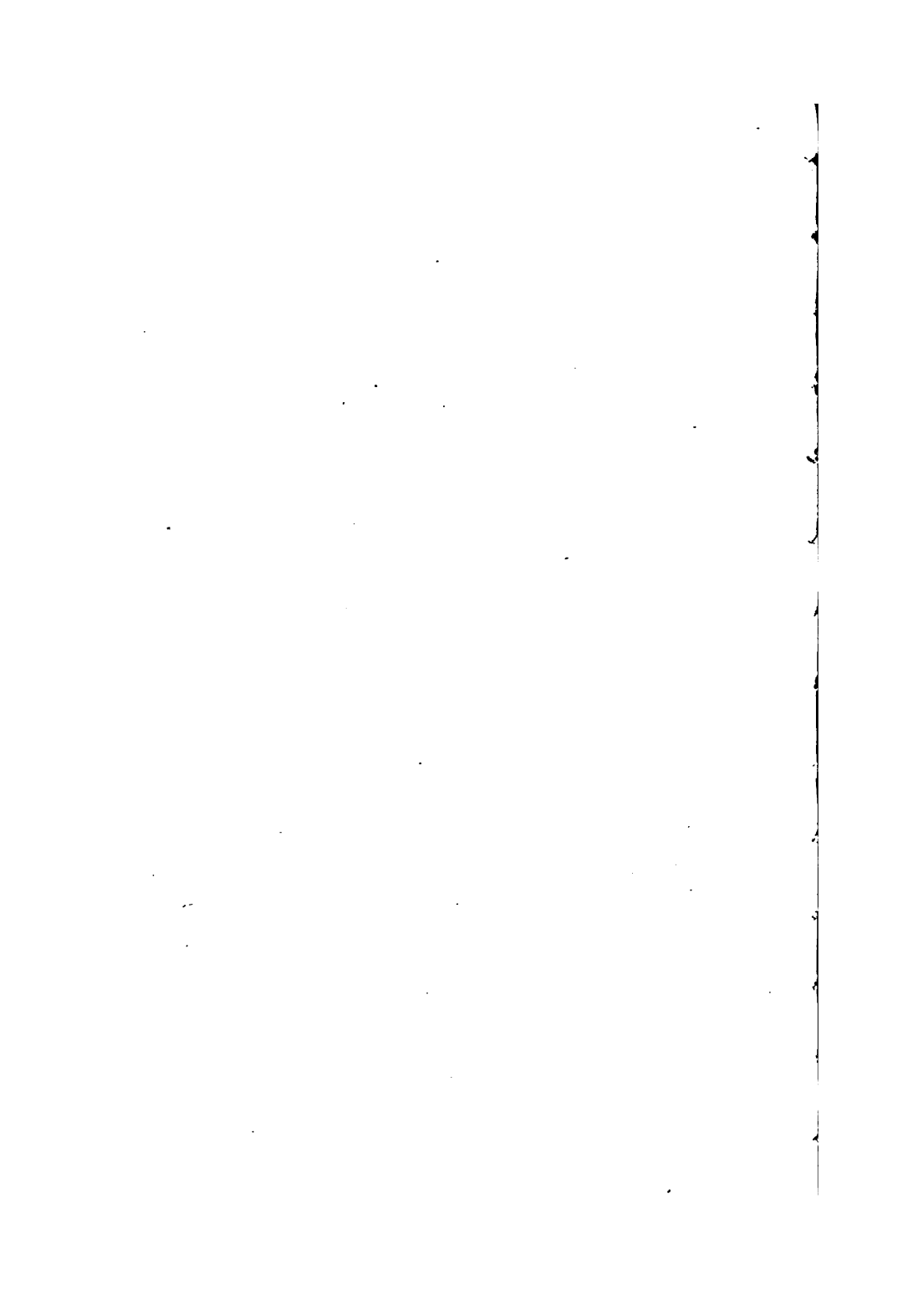
In the bazaar, or market place, are seen Indians, Thibetans, and all kinds of strange people from over the mountains, who come there once a week to buy and sell their goods.

The Thibetan women are very fond of ornaments, and load themselves with chains and amulets for good luck ; they cover their arms and ankles with bracelets, while from their ears and noses hang large and heavy rings.

We used to spend hours in the bazaar



DARJEELING. Page 94



A Trip up the Himalayas 95

bargaining with these women, and Alice and I tried to take their pictures. There was one old woman whose picture we especially wanted. She would pretend that she was going to let us take it, but just as we thought we had her, she would suddenly vanish, and hunt as we would, she was nowhere to be found. Half an hour later we might meet her again and the same trick would be played on us.

None of the natives liked to have their pictures taken, but sometimes if we paid them well they would permit it. One man, who was a public scribe, posed for us most willingly. He arranged his books and papers, set his turban straight, took his quill between his fingers, and looked very wise. When the picture was taken he wanted to see it at once, and was quite disgusted when he finally realized that he would have to wait some time before

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he could see for himself how grand he looked.

From our hotel windows we looked out each morning on beautiful Kinchinjanga, over twenty-eight thousand feet high; and every afternoon we climbed a hill near-by, to see the last rosy glow on the mountain's peak.

One often stays in Darjeeling for days, or even weeks, without seeing the mountain tops, the clouds hang so closely about them; but we were more than fortunate, for, though we were there only three days, each one seemed more glorious than the one before.

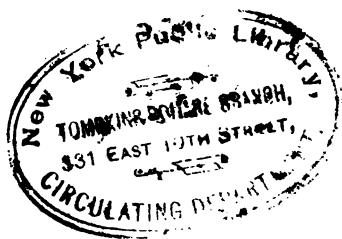
One afternoon we walked to the village of Bhutia Butsi, about a mile from Darjeeling, where there was an interesting little Thibetan temple, in which there was a "prayer-wheel." This was a large revolving cylinder about the size and shape of a



A THIBETAN WOMAN. See page 94.



THE WITCH OF GHOOM. See page 93.



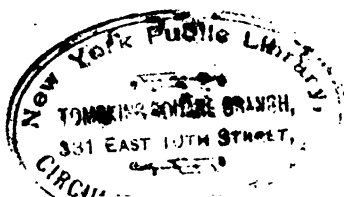
A Trip up the Himalayas 97

barrel, containing prayers and religious works; and to turn the "prayer-wheel" is considered almost equal to saying all those prayers, and reading all those religious works.

In the bazaar they sold us small, hand prayer-wheels, like the ones the lamas, or priests, use in the temple services. Turned in the *right* way the wheels say prayers, but they told us that if we turned them backward they would say curses.

On our way back we met a begging lama who went from house to house begging for money. In his hand he carried a bell which he rang to announce his coming. The bell was a round metal disc which hung by a leather thong, and which he struck with a piece of horn. The sound seemed never to end.

Though the village was only a mile away, the return to our hotel seemed much



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longer, for it was a steady climb, and the altitude is so great that we found it hard to breathe; and oh, how sore our muscles were!

But the most glorious thing of all is to see the sun rise on Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the whole world. To do it, one must get up about three o'clock in the morning and take a long ride to Tiger Hill, and one must either ride horseback, or be carried in a "dandy" by four strong Thibetans. A "dandy" looks like a little rowboat on poles, and is very comfortable.

The moon was shining brightly when we started, and only an occasional light twinkled in the village below. I could think of nothing but Christmas eve, and it seemed as if every step brought us nearer to the home of Santa Claus, and that soon we should see him and his reindeer.

A Trip up the Himalayas 99

When we reached Tiger Hill and looked back it was still night, and the moon was just setting in the west, but before us was the first faint streak of dawn, and as we watched and waited, the east grew pinker and pinker, and the mountain tops began to glow, till finally the sun came up and touched each peak, and at last reached Mount Everest, in the distance. Then the whole world waked and smiled beneath the sun's rays.

Going back to Calcutta, we reached the station of Ghoom about dusk, and there, waiting and smiling, as you see her in the picture, was the "Witch of Ghoom." I hope you will like her picture as much as we liked her. She is said to be one hundred and twenty years old, and well she might be from her looks. After the train pulled out I am sure she went back to her hut in the woods, where her wild-eyed

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jungle cat was waiting her, beside a steaming caldron; and that night perhaps the people of Ghoom saw her rise out of her chimney and ride away over the moon on her broomstick, to return only at break of day.

CHAPTER XII

BENARES; THE SACRED CITY OF THE HINDOOS

TRAVELLING in India is very dirty, for there is no rain during the winter months, and then the dust is five or six inches deep.

But that mattered little to us, as there was always something interesting to see, and we seldom spent a night on the train.

We saw hundreds of wild peacocks spreading their tails and strutting around, as we see an occasional one at home, and there were camels and bullocks in the fields. Once Fred and I were sure we saw a giraffe rubbing his nose among the branches of a tree, but he was too far away and we were going too fast to be sure.

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Late one afternoon we came to Benares, the sacred city of the Hindoos. It is on the river Ganges and is, to the Hindoo, the holiest place on earth.

Every year hundreds of thousands of pilgrims go there to bathe in the sacred waters, which they think will wash away all their sins. And sometimes, though they come from many, many miles away, they crawl the whole way on their stomachs, thinking that in so doing they will be even more purified by their pilgrimage.

In Calcutta we saw a holy man who had made a pilgrimage to Benares to expiate some sin, and to show his penitence he made a vow that he would always hold his right arm straight above his head. Night and day he held it in that position, till at last the muscles hardened and he could not put it down.

To see the real life of Benares, one must

go to the Ganges ; so early one morning, we took a boat and floated slowly up and down the river.

The west bank is lined with temples, from which flights of steps, called "*ghats*," lead down to the water. Early though it was when we got there, the ghats were crowded with worshippers, some bathing, some praying to the rising sun, while others sat in solemn meditation, or covered themselves with ashes to show their penitence. Every morning a good Hindoo must go to the river.

Not only do they think it a pious act to bathe in the Ganges, but long ago they used to throw live babies into the river as offerings to the river god. This cruel custom is no longer allowed, but the little dead bodies of children are thrown there, so that the water may purify their souls.

If an older person dies, his body is car-

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ried to the Burning Ghat, where a funeral pyre is awaiting it.

One morning we saw a funeral. The mourners gathered on the steps above, and the nearest male relative shaved his head and face and put on a new, clean, white robe.

In the mouth of the corpse they put a gold piece, to pay his way to the other world, then they sprinkled it with holy water from the river, and after some ceremonies placed it on the pyre, which was then lighted. The ashes were afterwards thrown into the Ganges.

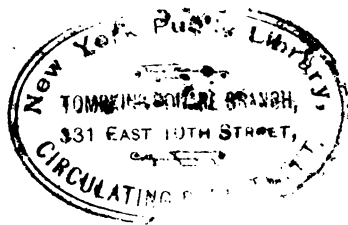
Before the British Government put a stop to it, there was a custom called "suttee" (which means "a faithful wife"), in which the widow was burned alive with her husband's remains; for it was believed that her wickedness was the cause of his death. If she perished with him it was accounted



BATHING GHATS. See page 103.



A HINDOO FUNERAL. See page 104.



great righteousness for both, and not only they, but their parents were supposed to be benefited in the next world.

If a woman had not the courage to perish with her husband, she was not really forced to do it, though if she did not she was shunned and looked upon as an outcast by all her friends and relatives.

Though the suttee is no longer permitted, the widow would often rather die than live, for she is still looked upon as an outcast and is shunned by every one.

After a few hours on the river, we went to see some of the Hindoo temples.

The Hindoos think their holy places are contaminated by those of other faiths, so we were only allowed to look in at the doors. At the Money Temple, the floor was inlaid with silver rupees, about the size of our half-dollar, and worth a little less in their money.

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In another temple there was a sacred cow, which had never been outside the temple, and was waited on by attendant priests. And near-by was a "Well of Knowledge" where the image of the goddess of wisdom was thrown in ancient times, and since then every sort of offering has been thrown down to her. Here people were anointing themselves with the precious water, perchance in hopes of gaining wisdom! Alice wanted to look down this wonderful well, but our native guide would not allow it, for he said, in his broken English, that it was "too sacred" and smelled too badly,—and from where we stood, we knew the latter to be true.

A little beyond the city was the temple of Durga, sacred to that goddess, who demands daily a bloody sacrifice; and the blood of a poor little goat was still fresh on the threshold. But the children liked

better to think of it by its other name, — the Monkey Temple, so called from the myriads of monkeys that live in it and in the trees in the temple court, and who quarrelled dreadfully for the bits of food the children had for them. They are very troublesome and quarrel continually, but monkeys are sacred in India and must not be harmed.

The story of Rama will show you why the monkeys are so much revered.

THE STORY OF RAMA

Thousands of years ago there was a beautiful city called Ay-od-hya, which was ruled over by a great and wise king. The king and his people worshipped the gods, to whom they built many beautiful palaces; and the gods, in turn, blessed them and made them happy, for no one was ever poor or hungry and no one ever had to go in rags.

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But surrounding the city was a great jungle, filled with wicked demons who delighted in troubling or injuring all who ventured outside the city walls, and especially the priests, or holy Brahmins, who sometimes went out into the jungle to live and spend their time in prayer to their gods.

Now there was a good Brahmin who was so sorely troubled by the demons that he begged the king to let Prince Rama go out into the jungle and kill them.

Though the king had four sons, he loved Rama the best and was loath to let him go out on such a dangerous undertaking, but finally consented, and sent his brother, Laksh-man, with him.

Rama carried with him a magic bow and arrow which was his only weapon. When the monster demons saw the two princes coming, they tried to blind them with clouds of dust, and then showered them

with stones, as they did the priests, but still Rama kept on. Finally, the demons picked up mountains and hurled at them, thinking to crush them, as they would have done had not Rama shot at the mountains with his magic bow, whereupon they returned harmlessly to their places. Then Rama sent an arrow through the heart of every demon.

For many days the brothers wandered through the jungle, killing demons, till finally they came to the kingdom of Mithila, where great preparations were being made for a tournament.

Long ago one of the gods had come to earth, and in passing through this kingdom had hung his mighty bow in the temple, where it had remained ever since, as no one had been strong enough to lift it.

Now the king held a tournament, and promised that whosoever should be able to

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bend that bow should be rewarded by the hand of his beautiful daughter, Sita.

Many tried and failed, but Rama was successful, and not only did he lift the bow and bend it, but he snapped it in pieces as if it were a tiny twig.

So Rama married the lovely Sita and took her home with him.

As years went by, the king of Ay-od-hya grew very old, and wished to give up his throne and spend the last years of his life in peace and quiet, and he wished Rama to reign in his stead. But Rama's step-mother intrigued against him and finally made the king promise that her son Bhrata should succeed him. Nor was she content until she had prevailed upon her husband to banish Rama and Sita to the jungle for fourteen years.

The people grieved bitterly at the banishment of Rama, for they loved him and

would have been glad to have him for their king. When Bhrata heard of this he said it was not fair to Rama, and that he would only reign for the fourteen years of Rama's banishment.

When the demons heard of it they were not pleased at the thought of Rama's coming to live in the jungle, for when they were not tormenting the Brahmins, they were carrying on a fierce war with the monkey tribes, whom the gods had created to be the enemies of the demons.

Far away over the sea, in the Island of Ceylon, was the home of the demons. There they had a beautiful city ruled over by a demon king, Ravana, who was very powerful and who often led his armies in wars with the monkeys.

The monkeys too were ruled over by a king, and one of the greatest and wisest of their monkey chiefs was Hanuman.

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After Rama came to live in the jungle the demons worried the Brahmins more than ever, till finally the Brahmins begged Rama to come out and fight the demons.

Rama set out, leaving his brother Lakshman, who had chosen exile with him, to take care of his wife, telling him on no account to leave her lest harm should befall her.

With his magic bow and arrow he overcame the mighty army of the demons.

Ravana now saw that it was useless to wage war with Rama, so he planned to trick him. He changed one of his followers into a beautiful golden deer, with jewelled antlers. The deer went wandering by the door of Rama's hut, and Sita, seeing the beautiful creature, begged Rama to get it for her.

Taking his bow and arrow he again charged Lakshman not to leave Sita, and

followed after the deer. Finally he shot it and as the deer fell, it cried for help in a voice like Rama's.

Sita heard the voice and, thinking some misfortune had befallen Rama, begged Laksh-man to go to him. Remembering his promise to Rama he hesitated at first, but at the second cry he went out to help him.

Then Ravana, the Demon King, appeared in his magical golden chariot and seizing Sita in his arms, he carried her off through the air and over the sea to his kingdom in Ceylon.

Sita cried aloud to the birds and beasts to tell Rama where she had gone. A vulture, the king of the birds, attacked Ravana and a terrible battle followed, in which the vulture was mortally wounded and fell to earth. The sun hid his face with grief, and gloom was everywhere.

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When Rama returned and found Sita gone he blamed his brother bitterly, until he learned that the cry of the deer had been in his own voice. Then the two went out in search of Sita. Soon they came upon the dying vulture, who told them where she had gone.

Then Rama went to the monkey king, whom he had often aided, and asked for help. The monkey king sent out millions of monkeys in all directions in search of her, and finally Hanuman sent back word that he had found her in Ravana's palace.

None but the demons had ever before been able to reach the kingdom of Ravana, on account of the sea which surrounded it, but Hanuman made one mighty leap and reached the Island. Then he changed himself into the form of a common cat, for the demons would have torn him to pieces if they had known he was a monkey.

He found Sita in a beautiful garden, surrounded by fierce demons, frightful to look at, and in their midst she sat and wept. He crept up to her and found a chance to tell her who he was and give her courage till Rama himself should come to release her. Then Hanuman returned to Rama and the army of monkeys who were waiting for him on the mainland.

The whole troop of monkeys could not leap across to the Island as Hanuman had done, so they set to work to build a bridge. Rama and his whole army passed over this bridge, and attacked the wicked Ravana. A terrible battle followed, but at length Ravana and all the demons were killed and Sita was rescued.

When the fourteen years of Rama's exile were ended, he and Sita returned to Ayodhya, and Bharata gave up the kingdom to them, and they reigned long and gloriously.

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The monkeys were never forgotten for the great service they had done to Rama in freeing the country of the demons and restoring his wife, and to this day in India they are looked upon as sacred. Even the bridge they built is not forgotten, for does it not still remain in the "Adam's Bridge" which lies under the sea, between India and Ceylon?

CHAPTER XIII

LUCKNOW AND CAWNPORE

WE spent only a day at Lucknow, and a few hours in Cawnpore, and we carried away with us chiefly the memories of the Sepoy Rebellion. This is the story of it.

In 1857 there was a great Indian mutiny against the English, and Lucknow and Cawnpore were important British garrisons.

Nana Sahib, a Hindoo chief, led the rebels in the siege of Cawnpore. He was a rich and influential native, and pretended to be a friend of the English, though in his heart he hated them.

Baji Rao was lord of all the Maratha princes, and he was false to his own people

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and claimed to be loyal to the British. Encouraged, however, by other rebellions, he revolted against the British, hoping that he might again rise to a position of power and influence.

But he was unsuccessful and forced to beg for mercy. As a consequence of his treachery, he was deprived of his lands and power, but granted a pension for life.

At his death the Government allowed Nana Sahib, his adopted son, to inherit his savings and his home, but the pension was cut off. Nana Sahib protested against the loss of the pension, for he could see no reason why he should be treated differently from other native princes, who had fallen from power, but retained their pensions. He was, however, shortly and curtly refused any further consideration.

Apparently he accepted the decision calmly, but four years later, at Cawnpore,

Lucknow and Cawnpore 119

he showed to what extent his revenge and hatred had grown.

The stories of the siege of Cawnpore are too horrible to repeat. The men fought bravely for their country and to protect their women and children, but the cruelties of Nana Sahib, whenever a captive fell into his hands, showed the intensity of his hatred.

After a long siege Nana Sahib sent word that if the garrison would surrender they should have safe conduct to Allahabad. There was not a man there who would not have rather fought and died in the defence, but their ammunition and food were nearly gone, and it was their only chance of saving the women and children, so they consented.

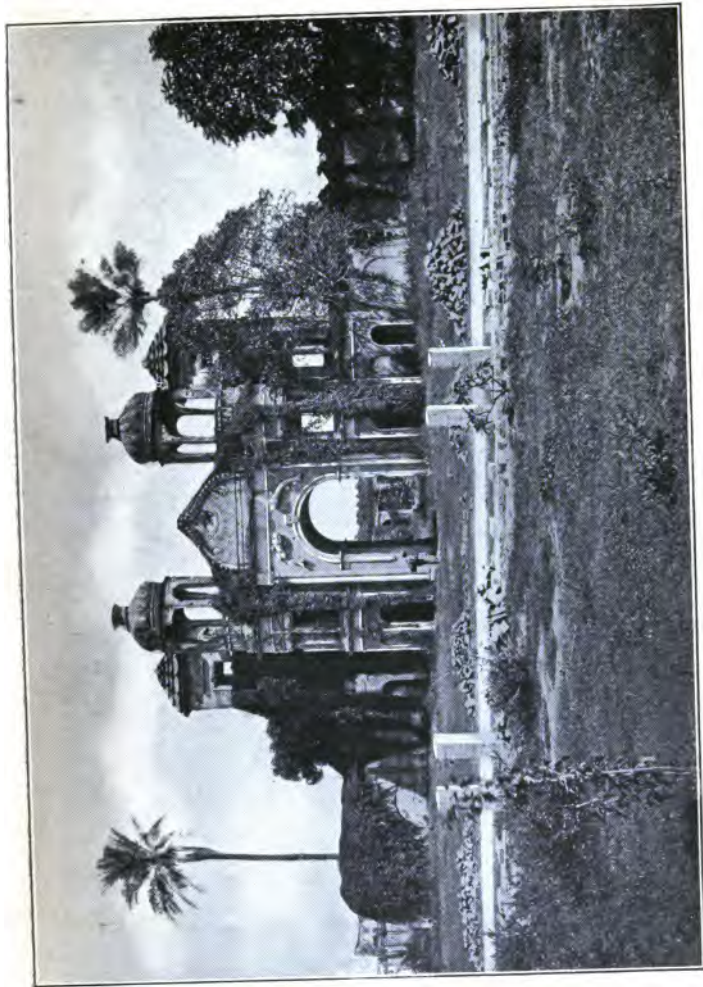
Nana Sahib promised that they should be escorted safely to the river, and that boats, stored with provisions, should be waiting for them at the Sati Chaura Ghat.

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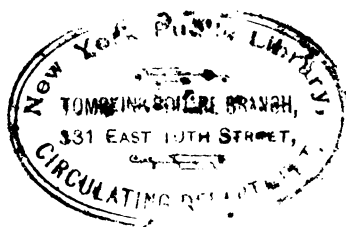
Though it was only a mile from the garrison to the river, it seemed an eternity to the women and children before they reached the boats which seemed to promise safety. Then more time was needed to get everything on board, and at last, when all was ready, one or two boats began to push off. Suddenly, from the Hindoo temple at the water's edge, there rang out a bugle note, and at the signal the boatmen sprang from the boats and the native troops opened fire on the passengers.

Many were shot, and others perished in the burning boats as the thatched covers caught fire. All the men were killed, while the women and children were dragged ashore and shut up as prisoners. Of the whole number, only four escaped to carry the news of the terrible disaster and the awful treachery.

When at last Sir Henry Havelock de-



SECUNDERABAD GATE, LUCKNOW. Page 120.



Lucknow and Cawnpore 121

feated Nana Sahib, and was going on to Cawnpore to rescue the women and children kept as prisoners there, Nana Sahib ordered that they should all be murdered, and the dead and dying were thrown into a well near-by.

Over that well now stands an angel of peace, and at her feet is an inscription :

“Sacred to the memory of the great company of men, women, and children, cruelly massacred near this spot by the rebel, Nana Sahib, and thrown, the dead with the dying, into the well beneath, on the 15th day of July, 1857.”

Finding it useless to remain at Cawnpore, Sir Henry Havelock marched to the relief of Lucknow, which he hoped to save from a similar fate.

The siege of the Residency at Lucknow lasted from June to November. The English were well provided with arms

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and ammunition, but their numbers were few.

Finally Sir Henry Havelock and Sir James Outram came to their relief, but their troops were so cut to pieces in their attempt to get through the native lines, that it was found impossible to escort the garrison in safety back to Cawnpore, as they had hoped. There was nothing to be done but wait for further reinforcements, and in the meantime food had grown scarce and the troops were half-starved.

At last a man named Kavanaugh said he would carry word to Sir Colin Campbell, who was then on his way from Cawnpore towards Lucknow.

Colonel Napier, who was in command of Lucknow, asked him how he proposed to do it, and Kavanaugh said he would disguise himself as a native and go through the lines. The Colonel thought this would

Lucknow and Cawnpore 123

be impossible for Kavanaugh to do, as he was very fair, with reddish hair and slightly above the average height of a Hindoo, and to be caught would mean certain and terrible death.

Kavanaugh, however, was not to be so easily discouraged, and that night he blackened his face and his hair and put on a native dress. Then he presented himself at the Colonel's tent and demanded an interview with the Colonel. He spoke Hindustanee, and they thought him a very rude native, but nevertheless they granted his request. Then he told a story of what the natives were planning to do on the next day, and how the English could frustrate them. All the officers were deeply interested, and took him for a native spy, till he laughed and said in English that he thought his disguise would do. Then to their surprise they recognized Kavanaugh.

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He got through the line safely and reached Campbell, who sent relief at once.

In the Residency there was a young Scotch girl, whose name was Jessie Brown, and long before any one else dared hope that aid was near, she heard the Scotch bagpipes playing "The Campbells are Coming."

Perhaps you have read Whittier's poem, "The Pipes of Lucknow," which tells this story. If you have not, I advise you to do so, for I am sure you will like it.

Both Lucknow and Cawnpore seemed filled only with the memories of horrors, and we were all glad to go on to Agra, which the children loved for its story, as I hope you will.

CHAPTER XIV

AGRA

SOME one asked us, when we came home, what we had to eat in India, and for a minute we had to stop and think, for it did not seem very different from what we have at home, except for the wild peacock and the rice and curry, which you never find anywhere half so good as in India and Ceylon.

In Agra we had our first dinner of wild peacock, though we should never have known it if we had not been told, for it tasted very much like turkey.

But we were not half so much interested in what we ate as in what we saw, so on the first opportunity we started out to visit the Fort.

You must know that in olden times

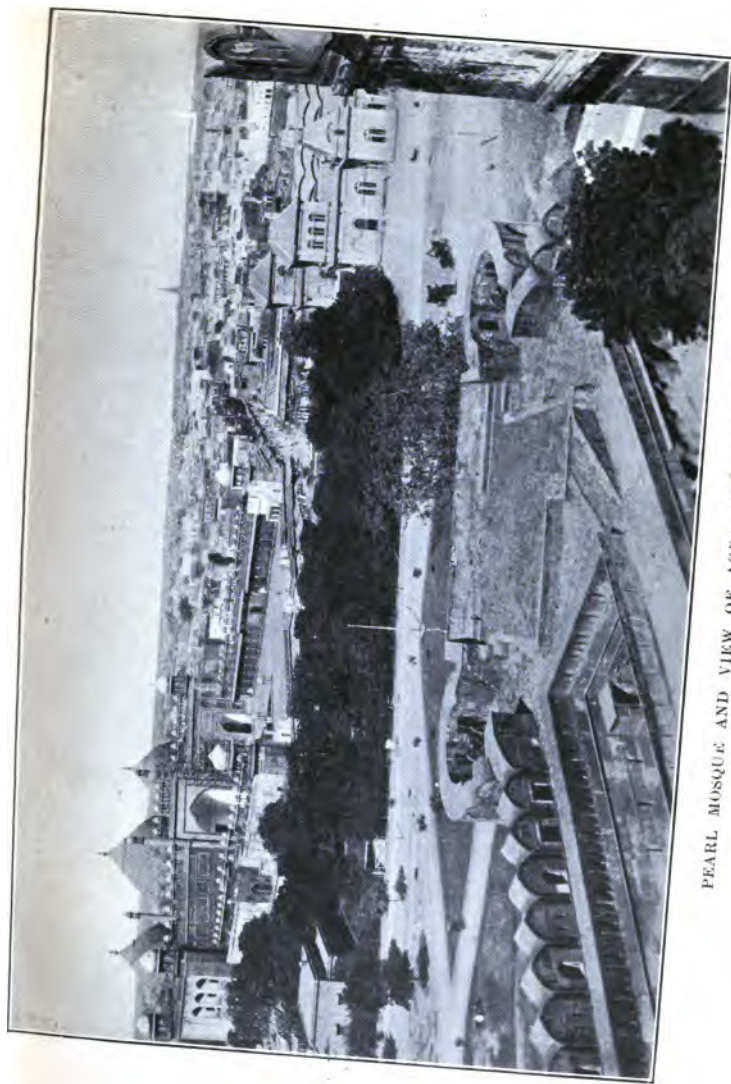
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there lived an Emperor of India named Akbar the Great, who was the best and wisest of the Mogul rulers. When he began to reign he had only three provinces, but before his death he extended his empire over all of India.

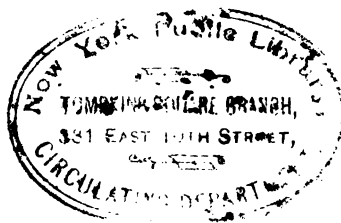
The court of Agra was very magnificent, and think what a good time a boy must have had there, for Akbar was rich and powerful, and owned five thousand elephants, twelve thousand horses, and a thousand hunting leopards!

He built himself a great fort, for safety in times of war, and inside that fort are many beautiful palaces and mosques.

We went first to the Moti Musjid, or Pearl Mosque, so called for its wondrous beauty. It is built of carved white marble, and with its bubble domes looks like a great, pure, white pearl. Here all the court used to come to worship.



PEARL MOSQUE AND VIEW OF AGRA FROM THE FORT. Page 126.



Next our guide took us to the great audience hall or Dewan-i-Khas, which overlooks a pit, where the tigers and elephants used to fight for the amusement of the Emperor and his court. At the entrance of this court there is block of black marble which was Akbar's throne.

The story is told, and believed by the natives, that during one of the many wars, the Sultan was driven from the palace by the enemy, but as soon as the usurper took his seat on the throne, the stone split and shed blood, and in proof of it they showed us the stain the blood had made.

Another court was laid out like a great parchesi-board, and the Sultana here played the game of parchesi with her maids-in-waiting as counters, for the game is a Hindoo game.

In Akbar's palace, which was built of red sandstone, we found fifty or more

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apartments, and each apartment was different from the others, for Akbar in his wisdom chose for his harem a princess from each of the different provinces of his domain, so that the ruling princes would be loyal to him ; and to prevent home-sickness and keep his many wives happy, he built and furnished the apartment of each after the style of her home.

Akbar's son, Jehangir, who was to succeed his father to the throne, fell in love with a beautiful girl, Nur Jehan. Her father was a learned Persian, and Akbar's prime minister, but without title or lands, so the royal prince was not allowed to marry her. Jehangir was so much in love that Akbar, fearing he would marry her anyway, ordered her father to marry her at once to an officer in the army. Though she was only thirteen years old her father dared not disobey the Emperor's command,

and Akbar sent the officer to the farthest boundary of his domain. After twenty years had elapsed, Nur Jehan's husband was killed in the war, and she was married to Jehangir, who then ruled all the land. She was his greatest favorite among all his harem, and he built for her an apartment of white marble inlaid with precious stones.

She was called the "Light of the World" by all the poets of her time, on account of the exquisite verses she wrote, and men came from the ends of the kingdom to hear the music of her voice and the beauty of her verse.

But none ever saw her face, for in the Orient a woman's face must never be seen by any man except her husband, so Nur Jehan always sat behind a carved marble screen.

One day a poet from afar came with a song in praise of her exceeding great

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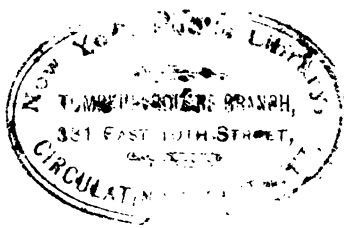
beauty. When he finished, she asked him why he thought her beautiful, and he answered, "No one could have such beautiful thoughts, without being beautiful."

Across from the apartments of Nur Jehan is the "Jasmine Tower" which Shah Jehan, the son of Jehangir, built for his beautiful queen, Arjamand, or Mum-taj-i-Mahal, the "Pride of the Palace" as she was called. That, too, is of white marble and the walls are inlaid with flowers cut from semi-precious stones of all colors, such as malachite, lapis-lazuli, and costly onyx; even an occasional jewel is set as the heart of a flower. In the windows are screens of carved marble, to temper the light of the tropical sun, so fine that they seem almost like lace curtains. In olden times rose-water fountains cooled the air and gave out a delicious fragrance.

Between the pillars near the walls and



THE JASMINE TOWER. Page 130.



at the corners deep holes are cut in the stone which are just large enough for a woman's hand and arm, and these holes in the wall were the Sultana's jewel-boxes. A man's hand is too large to get in, and it was great fun for the girls to drop their rings in and ask their father to get them, for of course he could not.

Below the windows flowed the Jumna, and off in the distance by the river-side, we saw a beautiful white building, — the tomb of Mum-taj-i-Mahal, which we visited later.

But every queen was not a favorite, and our guide beckoned us to follow him and see what happened to the one who was not.

We followed him down through a dark passage to a dungeon under the palace. Here the unloved queen was taken if she did anything to displease her lord and master. Sometimes she was forgiven and

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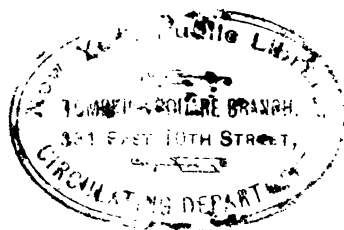
the court in the days when the queen was alive and enjoyed it with them. On three sides it is surrounded by a high wall with three beautiful gateways, and on the other side flows the Jumna. A row of fountains leads from the entrance gate to the tomb, and as you step inside the gate from hot, dirty, dusty, present-day Agra, the greenness, and coolness, and the exquisite loveliness seem to carry you back to the old days of glory and splendor.

The Taj also is built of white marble, and its bubble dome rises to a height of eighty feet. The windows are screened with carved marble lattice, and a marble screen encircles the cenotaph. The two solid silver doors which once stood at the entrance have long since been stolen.

Inscriptions from the Koran (the sacred book of the Mohammedans) are inlaid around the doors and windows to ward off



THE TAJ MAHAL, AGRA. Page 134.



evil, and around the cenotaph are verses written by Shah Jehan in praise of Mum-taj-i-Mahal. From the four corners of the platform on which it stands, rise four tall, slender minarets, like sentinels on guard.

When the tomb was finished Shah Jehan meant to build another, of black marble, for himself. It was to be across the river, and the river was to be spanned with a silver bridge which would join the two.

But Shah Jehan had a son, Aurungzeb, who was an evil man, although the beautiful Mum-taj-i-Mahal had been his mother, for he said to himself, "If my father spends so much money there will be none left for me to spend when I come to the throne, so it were best to get him out of the way."

Then he cunningly incited a rebellion among the subjects by telling them that

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Shah Jehan had gone mad and was wasting all their money; so Aurungzeb had him imprisoned and himself made ruler.

Shah Jehan's sole request, when he found himself in the power of his wicked son, was that he might be imprisoned where he could at least look out at the tomb of Mum-taj-i-Mahal. Aurungzeb, however, would not even allow him that consolation, but for seven years kept him shut up in a tiny cell, where he could not see out at all. Only when he was dying did he allow him to be moved into the apartment of Mum-taj-i-Mahal, from which he could see her tomb, and there Shah Jehan died, happy in the thought that the most beautiful building in the world was in memory of his queen.

Now the king and queen lie side by side, and the Tomb of the Taj-Mahal is famed throughout all the world for its surpassing

beauty, and people travel from all parts of the world to see it.

As they stand spellbound before its exceeding loveliness, they think, as we did, of the story of the great king, Shah Jehan, and his beautiful queen, Mum-taj-i-Mahal, and of their wicked son Aurungzeb.

And afterwards I am sure they all like to wander in the garden, as we did, trying to picture it in the days when it was the pleasure garden of the court.

The rose arbors were laden with blossoms of unusual fragrance, and from them we watched the rays of the setting sun pick out the inlaid stones of the Taj and make them glisten and sparkle like jewels.

It is only of the past that one thinks, in Agra, for beside it the present is commonplace and uninteresting.

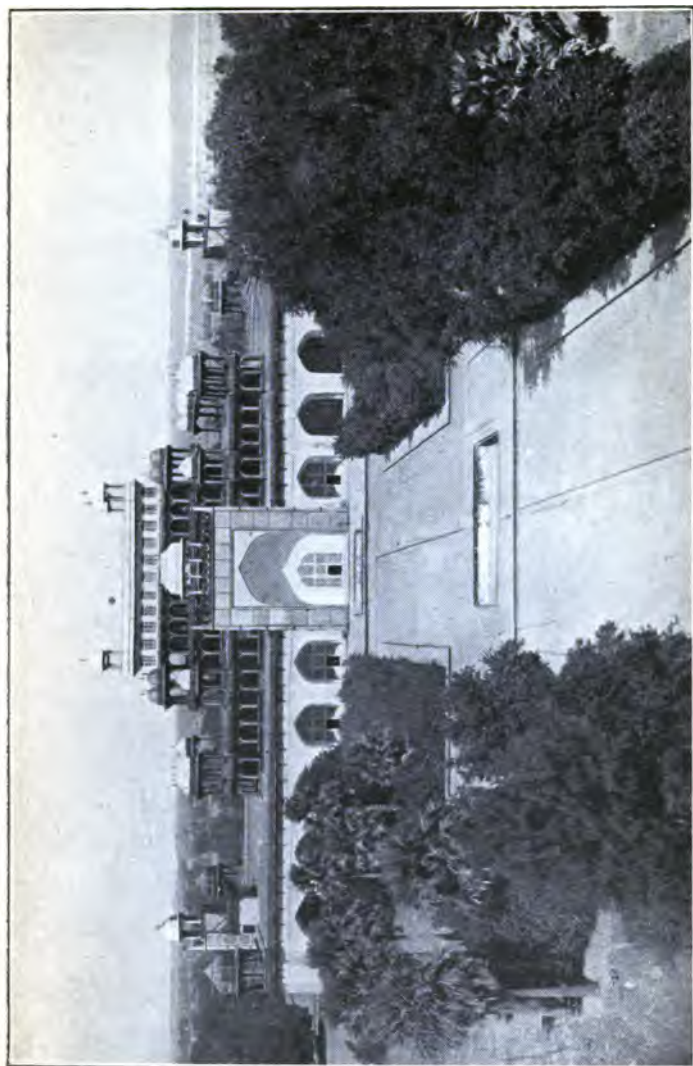
Though the Taj is the most beautiful tomb in Agra, it is not the only one of

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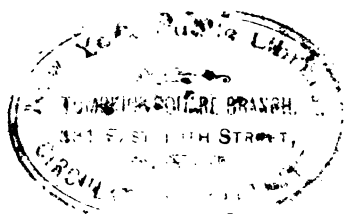
beauty or interest. Another is that of It-i-madu-daulah, the Persian, the father of Nur Jehan. That also is of white marble, but it is very small; every inch of it is inlaid with precious stones, and carved marble screens close the windows. Nur Jehan wished to build it of solid silver, but was advised not to do so lest some one might steal it!—just as did happen to the silver doors of the Taj.

About five miles from Agra, at Sikandara, is the tomb of Akbar the Great. It is built entirely of red sandstone, except the upper story, which has walls of marble, and no roof save the sky. In the centre is a solid block of marble covered with inscriptions from the Koran. This marks the spot where, below, Akbar's remains lie sealed in a coffin of solid gold.

A few feet away from this block of marble is a carved marble pillar, in which



TOMB OF AKBAR THE GREAT. Page 138.



after Akbar's death, Jehangir placed the Koh-i-nur, the "Mountain of Light," then the most valuable diamond in the world; that the many thousands who visited Akbar's tomb daily might see and admire it. And though of such great value it remained there, guarded only by the custodian of the tomb, for nearly a hundred years.

When Nadir Shah, the Persian, invaded India he sacked many of the palaces and tombs and carried away much treasure. The Koh-i-nur also disappeared.

The Koh-i-nur was thought to be a token of India's empire, and it was believed that whoever possessed it would rule the land. Even in the earliest ages gods and heroes fought for the possession of it. Whoever owned it was sure to meet with a tragic death, yet the curse that accompanied it did not lessen the desire to possess it.

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Nadir Shah determined to carry it away with him to Persia. But the Emperor of Delhi had it, and for him Nadir Shah professed great friendship, so it was impossible to steal it from him. Hearing, however, that the Emperor always carried it in his turban, so that he might the better guard it, Nadir Shah devised a trick.

When leaving India to return to Persia, he proposed that the Emperor should meet him outside the city walls for a final parting. With great pomp and splendor the sovereigns and their two armies met, embraced each other, and swore eternal friendship; then, as a token of their love, Nadir Shah proposed that they should exchange turbans! The poor Emperor saw then how he had been tricked, but it was too late; he could not refuse the "token of their love," for his enemy was too powerful. Only for a few years, however, did Nadir

Shah enjoy the possession of the accursed gem, for he was assassinated, and the Koh-i-nur passed on, leaving a trail of blood behind it.

At last it was surrendered to Great Britain and is now in Queen Alexandra's crown. As it has been reduced to about half its size by frequent cuttings, in the long course of its history, let us hope that the curse also has been cut away, and that Queen Alexandra may long reign as sovereign Empress of India.

CHAPTER XV

DELHI

THE fort at Delhi was begun by Shah Jehan, and the place was originally called Shahjehanabad.

Here you see, more than anywhere else, the wrecks of the Persian invasion. Here also Shah Jehan built a marvellous white marble palace. As he was not content to inlay the walls with semi-precious stones, here were found (and carried away by the Persians) rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and other costly gems, in tracery of gold.

In the Diwan-i-Khas, or Hall of Private Audience, where the king met his counselors, was a golden "Peacock Throne," so called from two peacocks which stood be-

hind it, their outspread tails ablaze with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and other precious stones, inlaid to represent a real peacock's tail; and between the two was a life-sized parrot, cut out of a single emerald.

The throne was of solid gold, inlaid with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, and over it all, supported on twelve richly jewelled pillars, was a canopy of gold, from which hung a heavy fringe of pearls.

From the ceiling, plates of burnished silver reflected the whole, which must have sparkled and flashed in the sunlight in a dazzling, bewildering way.

Over the archway of this jewelled hall is inscribed in Persian letters :

“If on earth is an Eden of bliss,
It is this, it is this, none but this.”

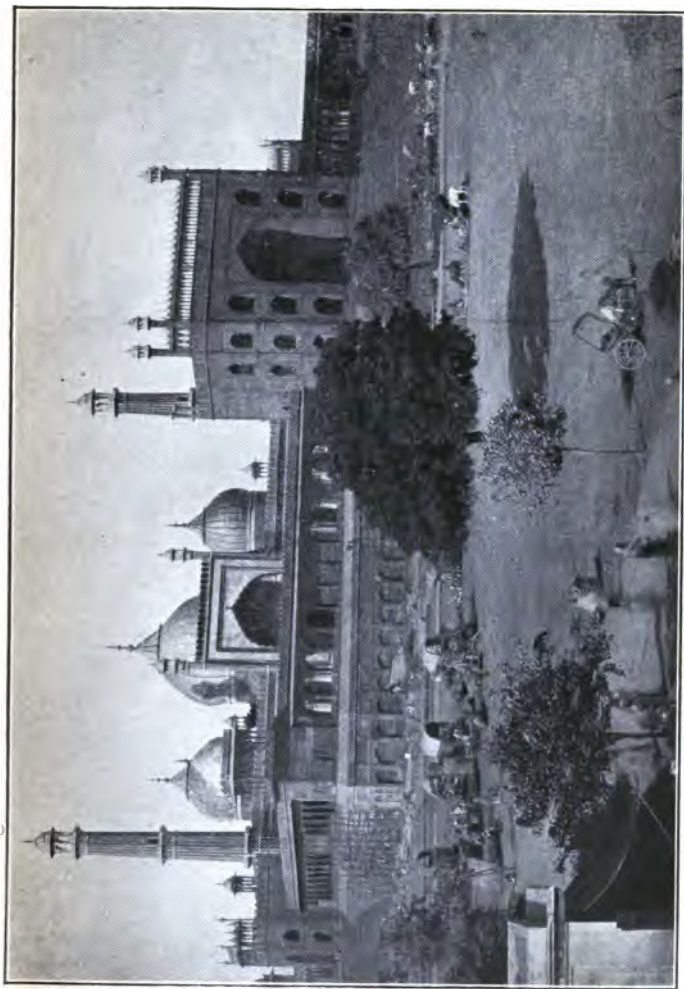
And if splendor and magnificence alone are necessary, surely it is found there !

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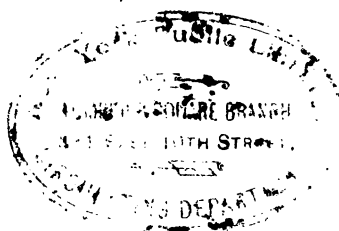
Nadir Shah also carried away this peacock throne, but it has not been the rolling stone that the Koh-i-nur has, and may still be found in the royal palace of Teheran, the capital of Persia, where Nadir Shah took it.

From the fairyland of the past we stepped through the Lahore gate of the fort to the fairyland of the present. The streets were full of a swarming crowd: everywhere were little "ekkas" or two-wheeled bullock carts; camel-wagons stood waiting for passengers who were going on a long journey, perhaps across a desert, and the camels rested beneath the shade of a tree; while the sacred cows wandered around, helping themselves to the vegetables and fruits on the stands outside the shops, or even going into the shops, if what they wanted was not outside.

The largest mosque in the world is the



THE JUMMA MUSJID. Page 144.



Jumma Musjid, or the Great Mosque of Delhi. Here are treasured some of the relics of Mohammed, as precious to the Mohammedans as Buddha's tooth and footprint are to the Buddhists. Carefully guarded under lock and key, are a slipper, a footprint on stone (which, unlike Buddha's enormous footprint, is the size of a man's foot), and a very short, very coarse, and very red hair, said to have come from Mohammed's mustache.

One day we drove eleven miles away to the ruins of old Delhi, where two curious monuments still stand. One is a tall tower, two hundred and forty feet high, built of red sandstone. It is called the Kutb Minar and is thought to have been built by one of the reigning rajahs or princes, so that his daughter might see the Jumna River from the top of it.

The Jumna flows into the sacred Ganges,

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and to gaze upon it every morning at sunrise was almost as pious an act as bathing in the sacred river itself. At least, it was the next best thing, as the Ganges was so far away that she could not see it daily.

The other curious monument is a solid iron pillar, forty feet high and sixteen inches in diameter, covered over with inscriptions.

There is a story that the Hindoos thought the world rested on the shoulders of a giant (like the story of Atlas), and when he moved his shoulders, or shifted the world from one to the other, to rest, there was an earthquake.

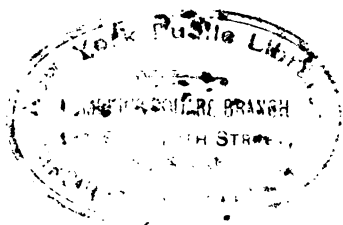
One night the king had a dream, and he dreamed that he had an iron pillar erected which rested on the head of the giant and kept him from moving. When he awoke he called around him his priests and counselors, and told them of his dream. They



RIDING IN AN EKKA. See page 144.



THE MAHARAJAH'S ELEPHANTS. See page 152.



advised him to follow it and erect the iron pillar, as he had seen it in his dream. This he did, and for some time there were no more earthquakes. Nevertheless, he could not feel sure that the pillar really rested on the giant's head, and insisted that it should be taken up again, for he was curious to *see*.

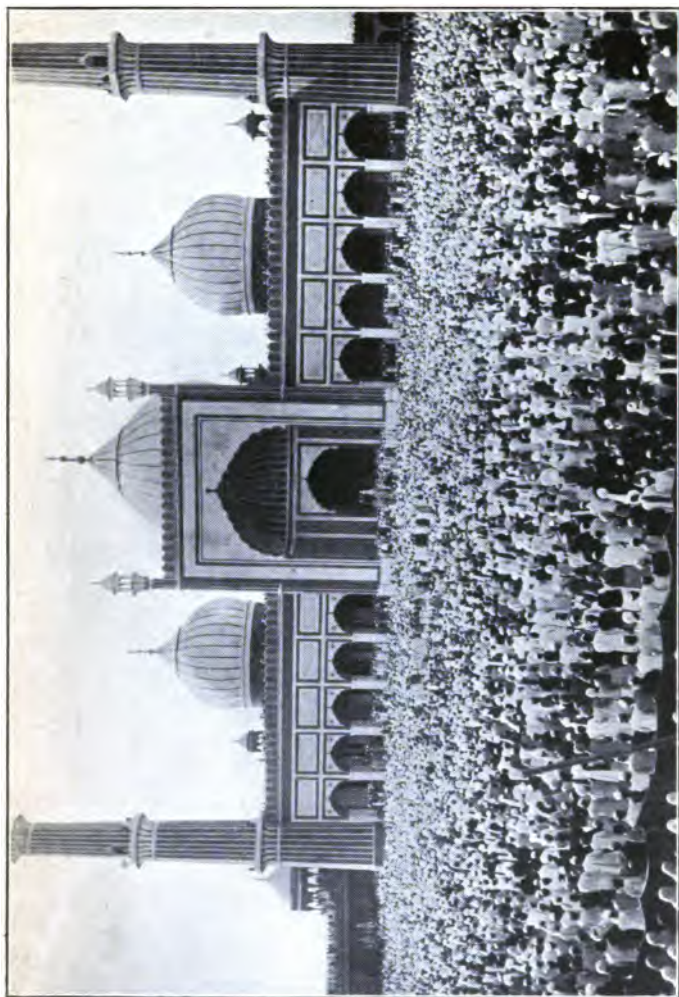
When the pillar was taken up, he found that the end of it was covered with blood. This satisfied him that it had rested on the giant's head. The giant, however, glad to be released, shifted his position and it was impossible to find him again; so the pillar, having been uprooted, remained forever after loose — “dhila” — and it is said that this is the origin of the present name of Delhi.

The whole world, too, has had to go on suffering from earthquakes, and all because that king was foolishly curious!

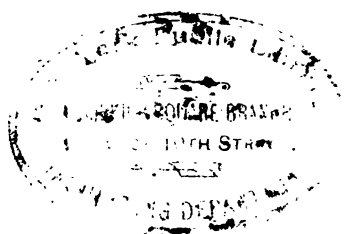
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I wonder if you have ever had to suffer from your curiosity. Have you? If so, be careful lest next time you make the whole world suffer, as did that foolish king.

Near by the pillar was a well, with galleries around it, which had been built and blessed by a saint, so that no one could be drowned in it. It was about forty feet deep, but only twelve feet in diameter, and from the roofs, fifty feet above, men and boys dived down into the well. Alice and Charlotte held their breath as each one jumped off, fully expecting to see him dash his brains out against the stones, or at least break his neck from the force with which he struck the water. But Fred would have liked to try it himself, just as you boys would, and we were all glad to give them the pennies they asked for when they came back, wet and dripping, but



WORSHIP IN THE GREAT MOSQUE. Page 148.



whole, — perhaps through the intervention of the saint.

In India the vultures are the scavengers and eat up all the dead and decaying refuse. On our way out from Delhi we saw a dead bullock by the wayside, as if he had just fallen there, and across the road was a field full of vultures. As we passed the vulture general headed his army and marched across the road, to begin the attack on their prey. A few hours later, when we returned by the same road, a stark, white, cleanly picked skeleton of a bullock lay by the roadside, and the vulture army had passed on.

CHAPTER XVI

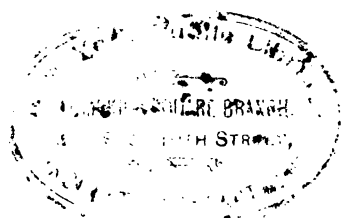
JEYPORE, AND THE PROCESSION OF THE SUN GOD

WE waked on St. Valentine's day in Jeypore. Jeypore is in the independent province of Rajputana, — independent of British rule, — but ruled over by a Maharajah, who is a great prince, with lesser princes who pay tribute to him.

Every year, in that city, there is a festival to celebrate the birthday of the Sun God, for the people think the sun is a powerful god, who is either good to them and sends them good harvests, or cruel, and destroys their crops and dries up their river beds with his fierce rays. So, in the spring, as he begins to gain in power, the Mahara-



PROCESSION OF THE SUN GOD. See page 151.



jah has a grand procession to his temple, to pray to him to be merciful and considerate.

The Sun God's birthday followed St. Valentine's day, so we were there and saw the procession, which the children thought was better than any circus procession they had ever seen, and they were very fond of circus processions too!

The natives who thronged the streets all wore bright clothes, and their heads were bound with enormous gay-colored turbans.

The houses were all of pink sandstone, trimmed with white, which made them look as if they were wearing their very best clothes, and the sun shone so brightly that we felt sure he was pleased with all the attention he was receiving.

There were queer two-wheeled carts that looked something like the chariots in a circus, only with a canopy top, gorgeously covered with red and green velvet and gilt

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fringe. They were drawn by bullocks, which look like the oxen of our country, except that they have a hump between their shoulders.

Then, too, there were camels by the score, with bright velvet cushions and glittering ornaments; horses in mail of flashing steel; and, most wonderful of all, forty huge elephants, their faces and trunks elaborately painted in a fascinating green and red design, and on their heads a cut steel head-dress, which glistened in the sun, while their howdahs, as the elephant's saddle is called, were of gorgeous velvet and gilt.

All these belong to the Maharajah, and at the head of this procession he rode in a gilt, canopied carriage, drawn by six jet-black horses. Directly behind him rode the princes in Oriental splendor, followed by his artillery drawn by bullocks, his cavalry

mounted on camels, and all the rest of his array.

They rode first to the temple of the Sun God, who came out to meet them in a car drawn by pure white ponies. Then the Sun God led the procession through the streets of Jeypore, the natives cheering as he passed; and the Maharajah rode next, — for he is second only to the Sun God himself.

The god in the car was a white image about two feet high, with a stolid waxen face, and in front of him sat a very black Hindoo native, fanning him, — perchance to keep him from melting or being annoyed by the flies.

But outside the car the sun shone so bright and hot and beamed so fiercely on all, that we felt they ought to pray to be delivered from his too great power.

But that was not the end, any more than

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the procession is the end of a circus. After the procession had passed we went to the Maharajah's palace, where we watched the keeper feed raw meat to the pet crocodiles, who live in a stagnant pool in the garden and occasionally make a meal off their keeper,—like the one in "Alice in Wonderland," we thought.

"How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little *keepers* in
With gently smiling jaws."

Then we went to the stable of the fighting elephants, who have all four feet chained to prevent them from trampling their keeper to death, which, nevertheless, they sometimes manage to do, for they are still wild and fierce. And finally, to the cages where the Maharajah's tigers were kept. Such splendid, fierce, wild-looking creatures! One would never imagine they

were akin to the sleepy creatures one sees in the circus cages, who lie with their heads on their paws, or else prowl restlessly up and down with only an occasional snarl, if some one teases them.

One of the Maharajah's tigers had just been brought from the jungle, and seemed to realize that he had been tricked or trapped in some way, for, when the keeper went up to the bars of the cage and laughed at him, he made one spring, with his claws out-stretched and his eyes fierce and blazing, and gave a fearful growl. Fortunately for the man, the bars were strong.

In walking through the streets, we met leopards being led about like great mastiffs. But they were tame and harmless, for the princes have them for pets, as we would have a dog.

The day ended with a trip on an ele-

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phant. A tremendous great fellow came lumbering up to the hotel where we were. His howdah was covered with red velvet and a bright blanket hung down on either side.

Imagine climbing up on him! It was not very hard, however, for he got right down on his knees; then a ladder was put against his side and we all climbed up without any difficulty. But the hard part was when he began to get up, for when he got up on his front legs we were sure we were going to slide down his tail, and when he got up on his hind legs we were glad the mahout, or driver, was sitting on his head, to stop us if we should slide that way.

We rolled around as if we were in a boat on a choppy sea, and when we had gone six miles I am sure we were all glad that the journey was no longer.

We went to the palace of Amber, which is built far up on a hill. Each morning a goat is sacrificed in the temple, which is sacred to Durga, the same fierce goddess whom we found in Benares. It used to be a human sacrifice, and a village close by is quite deserted, though the houses are still standing; for the Maharajah used to send there and catch a victim every morning, — and the inhabitants grew weary of the sport.

That night there were three of the happiest, sleepest children in the world. But what a glorious day it had been! and what dreams they dreamed!

Fred was a Maharajah with a tiger fresh from the jungle, and the girls were each a beautiful Maharani, or queen, and lived in a jeweled palace, and perhaps wrote beautiful verses, while all the world bowed down before them and sang their praises.

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It would have been a nightmare if they had been the unfortunate queens who displeased their lords and masters and had been led down that dreadful, dark passage to the dungeon below, where the rope and the beam awaited them, as we saw in the palace at Agra,—or if they had been the unhappy victims who lived in the village near Amber. Luckily they were not.

CHAPTER XVII

BOMBAY

IT was with a feeling of regret, almost of sadness, that we reached Bombay, for it meant the end of India. Just as you feel when you come to the last chapter of an interesting book. You must read it as fast as you can, but if it would only last forever how splendid it would be!

The chief thing one hears about or reads about concerning Bombay are the "Towers of Silence," the Parsee burial-places.

But first of all you must know who the Parsees are. They came from Persia (which country was called Pars), whence they had been driven on account of religious persecutions. They worship the earth,

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water, and fire, and always on their temple altars the sacred fires are kept burning. Fire was thought to have been brought down from heaven by their leader, Zoroaster, and never since then has the sacred flame been allowed to go out.

When a Parsee dies he cannot be buried in the earth, for his decaying body would pollute the sacred earth; neither can he be thrown into the water, nor burned after the Hindoo fashion, for he would pollute the sacred fire or water; then, too, Zoroaster said, "Rich and poor must meet in death"; so the "Towers of Silence" were built.

They are tall, circular walls open to the sky, and here the dead bodies are exposed, and the vultures come and tear off the flesh, just as they did to the bullock by the wayside in Delhi. Then the bones are left to dry in the sun, and finally they crumble away to dust, which is washed away by the rains.

Bombay

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In Bombay, the "Towers of Silence" stand on a high hill surrounded by trees and flowers, and overlooking the city, which teems with life at its feet.

At the entrance is a temple, on whose altar the fires burn. Here the body is first carried, followed by the mourners. After the funeral ceremony, the body is carried, by two attendants only, to the white tower close by, around whose edge the vultures sit, and who sometimes are so anxious to begin their work that they even attack the attendants, who have to provide themselves with clubs to beat them off.

None but the attendants are ever allowed to enter the towers, but the mourners may sit in the garden, among the flowers and under the trees, — and the peace and tranquillity and quiet of the spot is befitting the silence of the towers.

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Bombay is a thriving, busy place. Here, as in Calcutta, we saw all nationalities, for it is the first port of India which you reach from the West, — just as it is the farewell to India for those going west, as we were.

In the European quarter are splendid buildings; the Victoria railroad station being the handsomest building in Bombay, and the finest railway station in the world.

On Malabar Hill are pretty bungalows, surrounded by gardens, where the wealthy natives and Europeans live.

But the native quarter is narrow and cramped, though full of life and interest, and many of the houses are very fine, their fronts being covered with elaborate carvings.

Cases of cholera and plague are always to be found in Bombay, but it is the natives, chiefly, who suffer from their lack of cleanliness. Nevertheless, I think the

children's father breathed a sigh of relief when the ship weighed anchor and we sailed away, safe and sound and out of danger.

The children's sigh was one of regret. They knew the "Land of Enchantment" would be fascinating, and truly they had found it so. And the very best wish they can send to you is that you will find the stories they loved interesting enough to make you wish to go to that enchanted land yourselves.

CHAPTER XVIII

THROUGH THE RED SEA TO EGYPT

FROM Bombay to Cairo, in Egypt, you must sail across the Arabian Sea and through the Gulf of Aden and the Red Sea to Suez, taking the train there for Cairo.

Bombay was a plague-stricken port, so we could not land anywhere until we had been away from it for ten days, for in that time, if any one was to have the disease, it would develop. But our ship made too good time, and on the ninth day stopped in the middle of the Red Sea, and all the passengers who were going to Cairo, some twenty-five in all, were taken off, bag and baggage, into small boats and carried to

Through the Red Sea 165

a little quarantine station on the coast of Arabia.

It was the most utterly desolate, barren waste of desert land, with only a few buildings of the quarantine station, where we were to sleep and eat for the next twenty-four hours, which promised to be long and dreary ones.

The children thought the Red Sea was the *bluest* they had ever seen, and they wondered how it got its name. But at sunset the surrounding hills were reflected in it; there were weeds of a reddish color growing in it, and the coral reefs were red, so perhaps that accounts for its name.

Not far distant from our place of quarantine, was Moses' well. After the flight of the children of Israel from Egypt, you remember how the waters of the Red Sea stood back in great walls on either side, while they passed through, and then flowed

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back and destroyed Pharaoh and his army when they tried to cross after the Israelites. Finally the children of Israel came to a well whose waters were bitter, and they began to murmur against Moses. But the Lord showed Moses a tree which, when cast into the water, made it sweet. Moses' Well marks this spot, and it is visited by many travellers.

Being in quarantine, we could not go there, but it amused Fred and Charlotte very much to see a party of people, on donkey-back, coming from the well, who were afraid of us when they saw us coming from the quarantine station, and pulled up their donkeys to avoid us. Fred and Charlotte were very much inclined to run after them and "give them a real good scare," they said, but the guard would not let them. We were allowed to go out sailing, though, and after all, our twenty-four

Through the Red Sea 167

hours of quarantine passed very pleasantly.

Next morning, when the time came for us to leave, we were all packed again into rowboats, with our trunks and bags around us, and once more set forth on our travels, finally reaching shore and taking the train at last to Cairo.

CHAPTER XIX

EGYPT

EGYPT is full of stories, for it is the oldest country in the world. If the paintings and sculptures of the ancients could only be copied into a book, it would make the strangest picture-book you ever saw.

Many ages ago a large part of Egypt was covered by the Atlantic Ocean and there was only a narrow strip of land on each side of the Nile River. After many years the ocean receded and left a great waste of sand, which we call the Sahara Desert.

Every summer there are great rains in the mountains, and the waters come down and fill the Nile River so full that it over-

flows its bed and spreads out over the country. In some places it rises from twenty to forty feet, but as it happens every year, the people are prepared for it and build their houses on hills or else protect them by dikes.

The river begins to rise in June and does not go back to its bed till November, and when it does it leaves a thick layer of rich, black mud all over the fields. Then the farmers sow their seeds and turn their flocks of sheep out to trample the seed in, and in a little while there is a beautiful green vegetation all over where the river has been. But where it has not been there is the dry, barren sand in which nothing will grow, and it seemed very strange to Alice and Fred to see the beautiful green fields bordered by sandy desert, until they heard the reason.

Some years the rains are small and the

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river does not rise high, and of course in those years the harvest is small, and sometimes there is a famine throughout the land. In early days Egypt became the storehouse of the East and in times of famine other countries, which were less favored than she, would send there for their food.

Do you remember the Bible story of Joseph and his brethren in Egypt?

In the story of Joseph, the King of Egypt was a kind man and a considerate king who thought of the good of his people; but unfortunately the kings were not all so kind, for many of them oppressed the people and made slaves of them. They were so cruel and burdened the poor people with such hard work and unnecessary labor that the people hated them.

There was once a great king whose name

was Cheops, and to him is ascribed the building of the famous Pyramid.

The Egyptians thought that after they died they spent three thousand years with Osiris, the great Judge of the Dead, who ruled in the region of darkness and death, and after that time the good souls came back to earth and re-entered the body. So during the three thousand years that the body must wait for the return of the soul, it must have a fitting home. And in that home, or tomb, the bodies were laid, wonderfully embalmed, so that they have lasted for thousands of years. The favorite possessions of the dead were also put in the tomb, so that when the soul returned, it should find them.

Cheops built the Great Pyramid for his tomb, and it took a hundred thousand men twenty years to build it. The base of it covers thirteen acres, and it is nearly eight

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hundred feet high. I wonder if you have the least idea how big that is.

It is just outside the city of Cairo, with the two other pyramids which form the Gizeh group; so the first morning after our arrival we started out to see these three Pyramids.

They are on the edge of the Libyan Desert and are surrounded by a great waste of sand. When we first got a glimpse of them they looked small, and I am sure Alice and Fred and Charlotte were greatly disappointed, but as we drew nearer it was marvellous to see how they increased in size, till finally, tall men standing near them looked like tiny black specks.

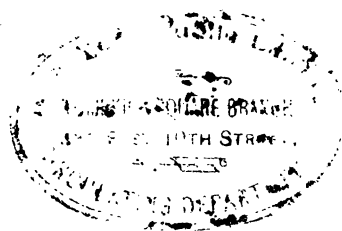
When our carriage stopped, we were surrounded by a swarm of Arabs, dressed in their flowing white robes and white turbans, who wished us to hire them to take us up the Pyramid.



CLIMBING THE PYRAMID. Page 173.



RESTING ON THE WAY. Page 173.



We needed three Arabs apiece to get us up, for the steps from one stone to another were so high that two stood on the stone above and pulled, while the third stood on the stone below and pushed. Long before we got to the top, though we had many rests on the way, we felt as if our arms were pulled out of their sockets. But from the top we had a wonderful view,—of Cairo and the fertile valley of the Nile on one side, and of the Pyramids and the Sphinx on the other, in a waste of sand that extended farther than the eye could see.

A story is told of one of the other Pyramids, that once a beautiful Greek girl was bathing in the Nile, and an eagle stole one of her slippers, and carried it away in his talons. Pharaoh was holding his court in the open air, and as the bird flew over, it was startled and let the slipper fall at

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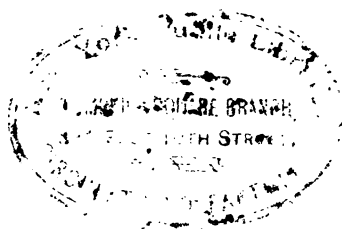
Pharaoh's feet. Then began a search for the owner, who, like Cinderella, was finally found. She married the prince and lived happily ever after, and when she died she was buried in the Pyramid. Some say her real name was Nitocris instead of Cinderella, and that she was the first woman who ever sat on the Egyptian throne.

When we came down, after having climbed over the outside, we were anxious to see what was inside; so we crawled in through a tunnel, not quite high enough for Grown-Ups to stand upright in, first going down a little way, and then gradually up and up, till we got half-way up the Pyramid on the inside; and there we found a large chamber, in which was a stone sarcophagus, or coffin, that had once held the body of King Cheops.

The queen's chamber, below it, was empty except for bats, thousands of them,



VISITING THE PYRAMIDS. Page 175.



I am sure; and if the poor queen *had* returned after her three thousand years in the kingdom of Osiris, she certainly would have been frightened to death again. Ask Alice or Charlotte what they think about it.

When we got back once more into the light and heat of an Egyptian day, we found camels waiting for us to take us over to see the Sphinx, a huge statue carved out of rock. Charlotte and Fred made their camels race and they said it seemed as if they were on rocking-horses.

Once upon a time, it is said, there was a Sphinx that was a most horrible monster, with the body of a lion and the head and shoulders of a woman. It was crouched on a rock and stopped all travellers who passed that way and asked them a riddle. If they could not answer the riddle, the Sphinx ate them up.

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This was the riddle: see if you can answer it. "What animal is it, which, in the morning goes on four feet, at noon on two, and in the evening on three?" I am sure you would have been eaten up, for the answer is: "Man, who in childhood creeps on hands and knees, in manhood walks erect, and in old age, with the aid of a staff."

No one knows why this great Egyptian Sphinx was built. Between its outstretched paws are the ruins of a temple, but aside from that, its reason for being there is as much of a riddle as the question which the other Sphinx asked.

A citadel is always of great interest, especially to a boy. The Citadel of Cairo was built by Saladin. It is on a great hill, and before gunpowder was invented it was a mighty stronghold. Within the Citadel

is a mosque built by Mohammed Ali, a soldier who rose to be the ruler of Egypt. It is called the Alabaster Mosque, and there we saw many persons, saying their prayers and kneeling with their faces towards Mecca; for Mecca is their sacred city, as Benares is sacred to the Hindoo, and all good Mohammedans pray with their faces towards it.

Just outside the mosque is the court of the Citadel. In the days of Mohammed Ali, when he had just risen to his great power, he summoned his Mameluke beys, or princes, to consult with him about some coming wars.

At the same time his son was to receive the dignity of pasha, an honorary title, so it was made a festive occasion. The beys had done Mohammed Ali great service, and they came in their most splendid uniforms and riding their finest horses. Mohammed

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Ali received them with pomp and seeming friendliness, then asked them if they would parade in the court of the Citadel. Not suspecting any treachery, they entered the fortification in grand array, and a gorgeous procession they made; but as the last one entered, the portcullis fell. Looking around in astonishment, they found themselves trapped. On every side were blank walls or barred windows, and from the ramparts came thousands of shots which cut them down without mercy.

Fearlessly they met their death, and all of them perished save one. That one was Emin Bey. Putting spurs to his horse, he sprang to the battlements. Far below him, outside the Citadel, lay safety, if he but reached it alive. It was a dizzy height, but his only safety lay in that mighty leap, and with scarcely a pause his horse leaped into the air. The next moment, Emin

Bey rose from his crushed and dying horse, with a shower of bullets around him, and sought safety in a mosque, until he could make his further escape.

Standing on the spot and looking down over that precipice, it seemed a miracle that horse and rider were not both dashed to death.

Next we went to see a famous well called Joseph's Well, though probably not the Biblical Joseph. However, it was remarkable, for it was some three or four hundred feet below the surface of the earth, and we went down a winding passage for some two hundred feet, and then peeped through a crack in the boards over the well, to the water two hundred feet below.

One afternoon we drove to Heliopolis, where there used to be an ancient Temple of the Sun (Helios); and here, it is said, a

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heathen astronomer watched the sun, and the darkness that veiled it, when Christ was crucified on Calvary.

All that remains now is a great obelisk, like the one in New York City which we call Cleopatra's Needle.

On the way back we passed a spring with a tree near by, beneath whose shade the Virgin Mary rested with the Infant Christ, in their flight into Egypt. Legend says that she bathed the Infant Jesus in the water, and ever after it was sweet and pure, though before it had been brackish.

Have you ever seen the picture of an Egyptian mummy? We went to the museum one day and saw the mummy of Rameses II, one of the great kings of Egypt. He lived more than three thousand years ago, but the Egyptians knew so

well how to embalm a body that this one is still preserved, though the skin looks like yellow parchment. He was one of the kings who, it is said, "knew not Joseph," so he began to oppress the children of Israel. "These people are getting to be mightier and more numerous than we," he said. "If we do not take care, they may rise against us, or join our enemies." So, to prevent their increasing, he commanded that every male child born among them should be put to death.

There was one woman who had a son whom she kept hidden for months. As he grew larger she could hide him no longer, so she made a cradle of bulrushes and daubed it with mud and pitch so that the water would not get into it. Then she put the baby in the cradle and put it on the brink of the river, telling his sister to stand near and watch what happened.

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That day the king's daughter came to the river to bathe, and when she saw the cradle she commanded one of her maids to bring it to her. When she looked into it the baby cried and held up his little arms to her, and she felt sorry for him, for she knew he must be one of the Hebrew children whom her father had said must be put to death.

Then the sister came running up and asked if she should go to the Hebrew women and find a nurse for the child, and when the king's daughter said "Yes" she ran for his own mother. So the mother came, and at the princess' command took the baby home with her to nurse and care for till he was old enough to go and live with the king's daughter as her son, and she called him Moses.

When he grew to be a man he delivered the children of Israel from the persecutions

of the Egyptians, and led them out of the land.

On the Island of Rhoda you can see the very spot where, they say, Pharaoh's daughter found the infant Moses.

CHAPTER XX

LUXOR AND KARNAK

ONE night we went to sleep in the cars and waked the next morning at Luxor, about two hundred miles up the Nile from Cairo. In this locality are the most famous ruins of temples and palaces in Egypt.

The great Temple of Luxor was "just around the corner" from our hotel, so we spent the morning wandering through its colonnades and looking at its huge ruined statues.

In the afternoon we went to Karnak, where there are the ruins of a great palace. It was the work of seven kings and over five hundred years were spent in its con-

Luxor and Karnak 185

struction. In the days of its glory it was magnificent.

The walls and columns and obelisks are covered with sculptures and paintings showing the exploits of the kings, and once an avenue of sphinxes with rams' heads led from the entrance down to the Nile.

The next morning we got up bright and early to go to the "Valley of Death," and it seems strange to say that we had great fun on the way.

We crossed the Nile in a sailboat, and on the western shore found little donkeys waiting for us. There was great joy at the thought of a ten-mile ride ahead of us, and we all started off at a brisk canter, which was soon interrupted by one of the donkeys, which joyously but suddenly kicked up his heels and sent one of the Grown-Ups over his head in an ignominious heap in the sand.

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It is so much funnier when anything of that sort happens to a Grown-Up that we all had a good laugh, even the poor victim, and since there was no damage done we started on again, — a little more soberly.

As I said before, the Egyptians thought that the soul came back to the body after it had spent three thousand years in the kingdom of Osiris. Much time and labor, therefore, were spent in building the "eternal homes" of the dead, which here were tombs hewn out of the limestone cliffs that form the western boundary of the Nile valley. "For where," they asked, "except in the Land of the Setting Sun, could be the region of Darkness and Death?"

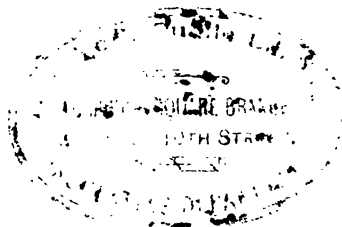
From the land of the living we went through fertile fields and a bit of desert sand, till we came to the bare, desolate hills where the tombs are, and where surely no living creature could exist.



THE VOCAL MEMNON. See page 187.



THE HALL OF COLUMNS, KARNAK. See page 185.



Luxor and Karnak 187

The walls of the tombs are covered with paintings and sculptures which tell of the lives of their silent occupants.

On our way home we climbed the hill out of the Valley of Death and before us lay the living green of the fertile Nile valley with its two colossal statues sitting side by side.

Have you ever heard of the Vocal Memnon? It is one of these two colossal statues. Each is forty-seven feet high and was hewn out of a single block of granite.

Side by side, yet apart, they sit, solemnly looking out over Egypt. The Vocal Memnon became famous in days past because, it was said, when the rising sun first touched it, it gave forth low, musical notes, and as the sun was worshipped by the Egyptians they thought the statue was singing its morning hymn of greeting. Some say there must have been a priest concealed in

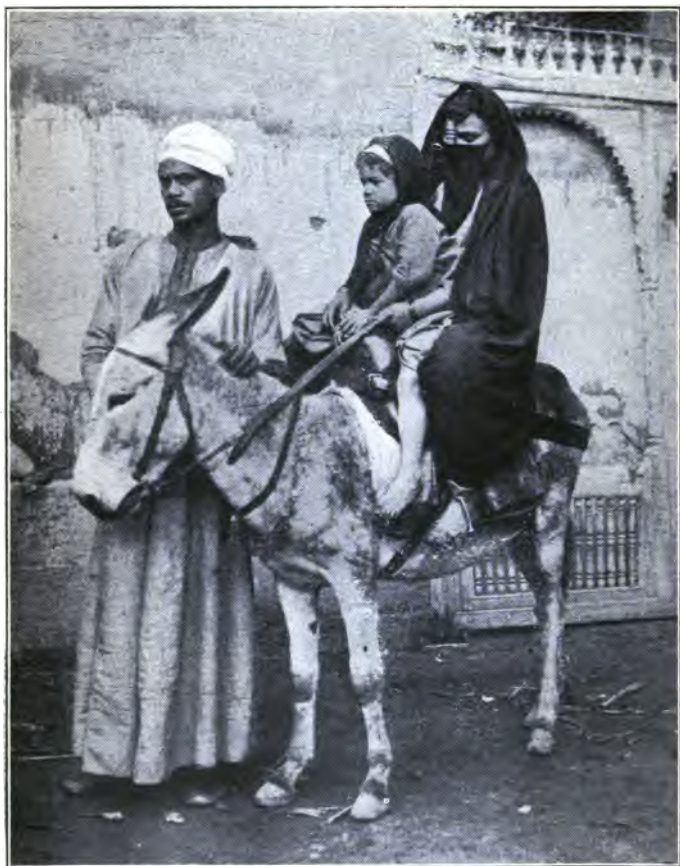
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the statue, and others, that it was the sun drying the rock, wet with the dew. Whatever it may have been, it sings no longer, but sits in silence, solemnly looking out over the ruins of the ancient city of Thebes.

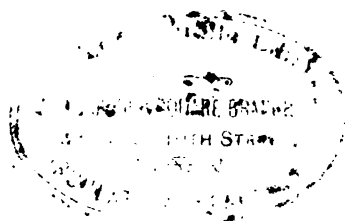
We went back to Cairo in time to celebrate Alice's birthday there. Think of being fifteen years old and celebrating it in the oldest country in the world!

We all put on our prettiest dresses, — Alice's was a blue silk that just matched her eyes and was very new and becoming, — and then we all went out to dine in a hotel that used to be a beautiful palace and was surrounded by magnificent grounds.

At dessert, the waiter brought in a cake with fifteen flaming candles on it, and after dinner there were fireworks and a dance, just as if every one had known it was



AN EGYPTIAN FAMILY. Page 189.



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Alice's birthday and were helping us to celebrate it.

An Egyptian woman never shows her face in the street, but covers it with a veil. This is a picture of one of these women, riding on her donkey, with her husband beside her, and her little boy in her arms.

One day we met a wedding procession, so our guide asked if we would like to see the bride, and as she seemed perfectly willing, we said that we would.

She was surrounded by a body-guard who were carrying a canopy over her. They lifted the curtain so that Alice and Charlotte and their mother and I might go in, but Fred and his father, being men, were not admitted.

There were about twenty women crowded around her, as close as they could be packed, and she looked as if she were nearly suffocated; we were, in just a few

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minutes. She was not at all like our idea of a bride, for instead of being dressed in white, with a white veil, her dress was bright red. She had a string of beads around her neck and a red gauze veil over her face. A queer way for a bride to dress, was it not?

Even stranger than their brides are some of their priests, who are called Dervishes. Some are called Howling Dervishes because they howl in their religious services, and others are called Whirling Dervishes. It is the Whirling Dervishes' religious services that I am going to tell you about, and I am sure you will think it a very strange kind of service.

In the centre of one of the chambers of the mosque there is an enclosed ring, with a carpet around the edge ("Very much like the ring at a circus," Fred said), and on one wall of the room is a balcony.

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The whole room, except the enclosed circle and the balcony, was crowded with people, who, like us, were curious to see the dance.

Soon the musicians came in and took their places in the balcony, and with them came a priest carrying a book. Then, one by one, the Dervishes came into the circle, made a deep salaam towards Mecca, and squatted on the circular carpet, till the edge of the ring was full. The priest in the balcony read from his book, the musicians piped, and the Dervishes below gave deep salaams; then at a sudden blast from a trumpet, they all got up and marched round and round the circle. At last the leader stopped with his back towards Mecca, and one by one the others passed in front of him, bowed low, towards their holy city, kissed his hand, and then whirled off into the circle.

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Round and round and round they went like so many spinning tops, and their full white skirts stood out straight from their waists. In and out and around they glided, whirling, till we grew dizzy watching them, and wondered how they could keep it up so long.

Charlotte said they looked as if they were "making cheese" and she thought each minute they were going to sit down and see their skirts billow around them, but they did not do it.

Sometimes they would return to their places on the carpet and sit down for a few minutes and then begin all over again.

They keep it up till sometimes they fall almost unconscious, but we left before they got so exhausted. For some reason, they think it makes them better to go through their queer, whirling dance, just as we

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think it makes us better to go to church and say our prayers.

The worst part about travelling is that you cannot always stay in a place as long as you would like to; and the time came, all too soon, for us to leave Egypt and cross over the Mediterranean Sea to Italy, sunny Italy, where every one seems light-hearted and happy. There, too, we found many stories that interested us. But the stories of the East and West are as different as the dark-skinned Eastern people are from the fair-skinned dwellers in the West, and Kipling says, "When you've heard the East a-callin' you won't ever heed aught else" — for there is a fascination about it as of Fairyland.

But like Urashima, the Japanese fisher-lad, sometimes we tire even of Fairyland and wish to go home, and Europe seems

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very near home when you have come from Japan.

Early one morning, after a sound sleep, we stepped from the ship on to the shores of Italy. . . .

But what do I hear; some one calling you to bed? Well, good-night then, and sweet dreams. I will tell you the other stories next time.

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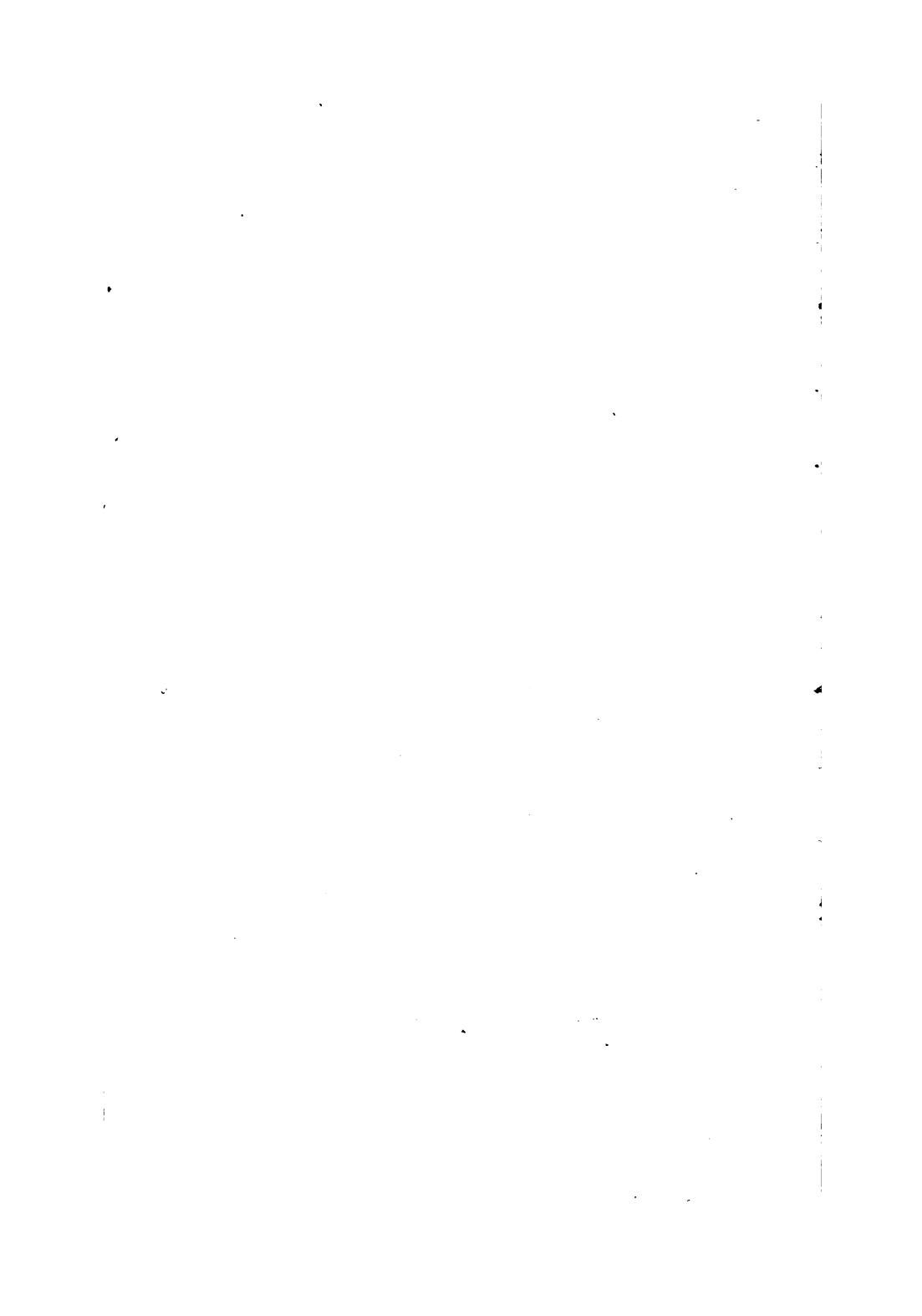
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